

# Leatherneck

JAN. 1954

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c

HOW DID I GET HERE?

Inside operation of  
HEADQUARTERS  
MARINE CORPS

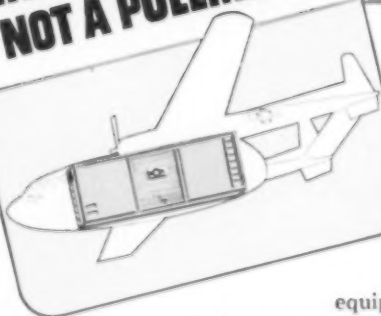
Part I of  
a series



# LOADS AND UNLOADS ITSELF... NO SPECIAL EQUIPMENT NEEDED!



**FREIGHT  
TAKES A BOXCAR...  
NOT A PULLMAN!**



At far-flung bases from Alaska, Korea, and French Indo-China, Fairchild C-119's are delivering cargoes that no other plane could unload in such tight spots. The "Flying Boxcar" was built to land on fields too rough for other planes—at points where no freight-handling equipment exists. Designed specifically as a bulk cargo airplane, the C-119's twin boom provides ample clearance for trucks to back up to the wide-open doors and for vehicles to "roll out" on their own power, without use of cumbersome equipment and with a minimum of manpower and time. Here is a combat proven airplane . . . that loads and unloads itself . . . no special equipment needed!

## EXCLUSIVE FEATURES FOR ADVANCE BASE OPERATIONS:

Increased payload • Better bulk Cargo Clearance and Distribution • Shorter Take-offs and Landings • Rough Field Landing Gear • Crew Bail-Out Chute • Provision for External Fuel



ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION  
**FAIRCHILD**  
*Aircraft Division*  
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Guided Missiles Division, Wyandanch, L. I., N. Y.  
Engine Division, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

# What Now?

**PROCTER & GAMBLE** addresses a challenge to young men who will return to civilian life this year, particularly those who entered the services directly from college.

For the young, college-educated man with leadership potential and the ability to reason logically and clearly, to make and execute sound decisions, to develop original and creative ideas, Procter & Gamble offers an opportunity to grow with a growing company. Expanding rapidly in many fields, Procter & Gamble has a great need for capable young men who can be advanced *individually* in position and compensation as rapidly as each individual's ability permits.

We give below brief descriptions of the opportunities available together with some basic information about Procter & Gamble as a company:

**Advertising**—For this work we seek men who can take on broad marketing responsibilities quickly. The nature of this work is not advertising as most people conceive of it, but business administration within the framework of marketing and advertising.

**Buying and Traffic**—Buying of commodities, supplies, and equipment is a vital phase of Procter & Gamble's operation and offers opportunities for qualified men to progress to top management levels. Closely allied to Buying is the Traffic Department which deals with the movement of goods to and from our factories.

**Manufacturing**—Responsibility for efficient production of quality products developed to fill consumer needs rests with this group. Opportunities exist for recent graduates in Engineering or Chemistry who are interested in research, equipment design, development, and factory management.

**Comptroller**—This Division is our Company's center for accounting and forecasting information affecting all phases of our domestic and overseas operations. Excellent opportunity for advancement into managerial positions is offered to men with a general business education and an interest in management accounting.

**Sales**—Outstanding opportunities exist in the Company's sales departments to progress rapidly to responsible positions in sales management. Previous experience unnecessary as excellent training program is provided. Progress depends only upon your ability, initiative, and results.

**Overseas**—Interesting opportunities in the fields described above are available with subsidiary companies in major foreign cities. No contract or special language requirement. Employment highly selective since positions require early assumption of responsibility.

★ ★ ★

**What is Procter & Gamble's Position In Its Industry?** Procter & Gamble is the country's leading manufacturer of soaps and synthetic detergents. It is also a leader in the drug products and food industries as well as being one of the nation's largest producers of chemical pulp and glycerine.

**What Is Procter & Gamble's Financial Record?** The Company was founded in 1837 and has been incorporated since 1890. In all these years it has *never* missed a dividend to its common share holders and has shown an operating profit every year.

**Is Procter & Gamble a Growing Company?** Since 1900 the Company has grown rapidly and still con-

tinues to grow. During the last ten years, Procter & Gamble has introduced nine new national products.

**Is Procter & Gamble a Well-Managed Company That Will Recognize My Individual Potentialities?** Procter & Gamble has been voted the best managed company in the United States by the American Institute of Management, and has been given an "excellent" rating for its executive development program.

**What Advancement Possibilities Does Procter & Gamble Offer Me?** A man's ability determines his future at P&G. The Company "grows" its executives; it does not "hire" them. All the Company's officers have long records of employment with Procter & Gamble.

★ ★ ★

*If you feel that you qualify for a position in one of the Company's operating departments and would like to know more about the department and the Company, write to:*

W. L. Franz, Supervisor of Employment, Box L4, Gwynne Bldg., Sixth & Main Streets, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

# IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES	PAGE
Four Star Visit .....	14
How Did I Get Here? .....	18
AKAs—No Strangers .....	26
Jump-off .....	30
Da Kind Marines .....	32
Lost Your Seabag? .....	36
Lincoln's Air Force .....	44
Buglers' School .....	48
Floyd Gibbons .....	54
<b>POSTS OF THE CORPS</b>	
Portsmouth, Va. ....	21
<b>FICTION</b>	
Now In The Old Corps .....	40
<b>FEATURES</b>	
Sound Off .....	2
Mail Call .....	10
Sky Lines .....	11
The Old Gunny Says .....	13
Sport Shorts .....	47
Leatherneck Laffs .....	52
We—The Marines .....	56
Transfers .....	60
In Reserve .....	62
Citations and Awards .....	65
Dig These Crazy Captions .....	72
Post War II Light Automatics, Part 3 .....	76
Bulletin Board .....	78

LEATHERNECK, JANUARY, 1954

VOLUME XXXVII, NUMBER 1

Published monthly and copyright, 1953, by The Leatherneck Association, Inc., Headquarters Marine Corps, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All rights reserved. Stories, features, pictures and other material from LEATHERNECK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1130, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to Advertising Director, Leatherneck Magazine, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. The opinions of authors whose articles appear in LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters. Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Colonel Donald L. Dickson; GENERAL MANAGER: Captain H. Jay Bullen; MANAGING EDITOR: Karl Schuen; PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert N. Davis; PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR: Louis Lowery; NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE: Nollie T. Roberts; ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR: Ronald D. Lyons; ASSISTANT PRODUCTION EDITOR: SSgt. Virginia M. Dehmer; ART DIRECTOR: Norval E. Packwood, Jr.; CIRCULATION MANAGER: MSgt. Joseph W. Patterson; STAFF WRITERS: MSgts. Robert T. Fugate, Paul Sarakin, Harry P. Pugh and Edward M. Barnum, TSgts. John P. McConnell and Robert A. Suhasky, Sgt. Hazel D. Calden. WEST COAST BUREAU: MSgt. Steven Marcus and TSgt. Charles Tyler; FAR EAST BUREAU: MSgts. Roy Heinecke and J. W. Richardson.

## Sound Off



### MEDAL OF HONOR

Dear Sir:

I have a little problem and I need your help. We have gotten into a discussion to some degree about the privileges of the holder of the Medal of Honor.

The question is whether it is imperative to render a salute to the holder, or is it just a courteous measure of which I am sure that no one objects. I say that; provided that the holder is enlisted, a person has it as his own prerogative as to whether he renders this honor.

Insofar as his privileges in military conveyances, I say that he has priority over other members of the Armed Forces but no other privilege such as use of a staff car, etc.

Any help you can give me will be appreciated.

Sgt. C. E. Jones

F-2-5, First Marine Division, FMF, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● An enlisted man who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor is not entitled to a salute. For information concerning this award, see Paragraph 20050, Marine Corps Manual.—Ed.

### WANTS PHOTOGRAPHS

Dear Sir:

I was in Korea for 12 months, serving with Dog Company, 2nd Battalion,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

### THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

**T**HE green uniform was just right when the Marines boarded the plane in San Francisco, but during the stop-over in Hawaii, those greens stymied the sturdiest stickler for style. Norval Packwood, *Leatherneck's* Art Director, picked up the idea for this cover while enroute to an assignment in the Far East.



If you want a Treat  
instead of a Treatment...  
smoke **Old Golds**

REGULAR AND KING SIZE



Posed by  
**CAREN PREISS**  
young TV star

**UNTIL YOU TRY** King Size  
OLD GOLDS, you'll never  
know how wonderful a King  
Size cigarette can taste.  
We're tobacco men... not  
medicine men. OLD GOLD  
cures just one thing: the  
world's best tobacco... to  
bring you the same famous  
OLD GOLD blend in both  
Regular and King Size!

## LEATHERNECKS

GO FOR

**Spiffy**  
INVISIBLE

collar  
"STAY-DOWN"

Millions of men in all branches of the Service—officers and privates—wear SPIFFY collar "Stay-Down" because it **really** keeps collar points down. Makes uniforms look snappier—eliminates starching of shirts, saves laundering. Self-adjustable to all collar lengths.



Prevents Collar Curl

at your  
Marine Exchange

CREST SPECIALTY • Chicago 16

Standard Spiffy, 25c  
Deluxe 24 kt. electro  
gold plated Spiffy, 50c



**Pay Less Now!**  
SAVINGS TO **30%**  
**COMPLETE AUTO INSURANCE**  
**GREATER COVERAGE FOR LESS MONEY**

IMMEDIATE SAVINGS UP TO . . . 30% . . . from prevailing board rates which apply in your territory can be YOURS on this complete, low cost Automobile Insurance Policy. GOVERNMENT SERVICES INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS can reduce costs to you because they deal direct with a highly selected and specialized class of policy holders. Protection against loss from bodily injury and property damage, liability . . . medical payments . . . accidental death . . . comprehensive personal liability . . . comprehensive fire and theft coverage. Covers collision damage to your car. Covers towing. Available ONLY to officers and 1st 3-grade non-commissioned officers. FORMER MARINES THAT KNOW YOUR PROBLEMS HANDLE YOUR POLICIES.

### Household and Personal Property Policy

This Floater Policy covers everything personal anywhere in the U. S. or abroad. It protects your household goods, clothing, uniforms, furniture, jewelry, and valuable personal effects. Insures you against 14 named perils. Greatest coverage protection at lowest cost.

### CAN YOU QUALIFY?

**GOVERNMENT SERVICES INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS**  
(NOT AFFILIATED WITH U. S. GOVERNMENT)

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS

CORNER CROCKETT & PRESA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_ Married \_\_\_\_\_ Single \_\_\_\_\_  
Car Description \_\_\_\_\_ Annual Mileage \_\_\_\_\_  
Business Use? \_\_\_\_\_ Driver's Age \_\_\_\_\_

2 Great Policies for Marine Corps Personnel

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

Seventh Marines from December 5, 1951, until August 15, 1952, then was transferred to Item Company, 3rd Battalion, Seventh Marines, where I served until December 5, 1952. What I would like to know is: can you send me the address of anyone who would possibly have any pictures of these units that were taken during the period I was there?

Corp. Charles D. Simmons  
U. S. Naval Ordnance Plant,  
Macon, Georgia

● Sorry we can't help—but perhaps some of our readers can.—Ed.

### PURPLE HEART

Dear Sir:

I have a question that I would like to have answered in your "Sound Off" column.

My son (SSgt. Luther R. Murphy) was wounded in street fighting in Seoul, Korea, on September 22, 1950, and was sent to a hospital in Japan. He returned to duty sometime in November of '50 and was with the Marines in the Chosin Reservoir. He froze his feet and was sent by plane back to the U.S.A.

Is he due a Purple Heart Medal? If so, when will he receive it?

Mrs. L. A. Murphy  
Box #157,

Masterson, Texas

● Records at HQMC reveal that your son rates one Purple Heart Medal for a wound received in Korea on September 27, 1950. It is being forwarded to him via official channels. The Purple Heart Medal is not authorized for frostbite.—Ed.

### THIRD DIVISION ADMIRER

Dear Sir:

It was indeed an extreme pleasure for me to come across the *Leatherneck* on the news stand of one of the local business places today. This is the first copy of your magazine that I have seen since I was discharged from the Marine Corps in 1945.

Of particular interest to me was the article about the Third Division shipping overseas again. I had the honor of serving with this distinguished fighting organization for three years during World War II, and it brought back some things long forgotten by me, seeing the inset of the division shoulder patch and the men shipping from San

Diego as so many of us have done in the past.

As a past member of this fine outfit, through your column, I would like to act as spokesman for the many "old guys" and wish these fine young Marines the very best of everything. Our prayers go with them, that they may not have to take up arms in anger, but we know full well, that should the time come, these men will give an excellent account of themselves in the best tradition of the Third Marine Division and the honored Corps.

Donald D. Gaston  
Battan & White Music Company,  
Hotel Borger,

Borger, Texas

● Thanks for your letter, Mr. Gaston. We know that the members of the Third Marine Division will appreciate your interest in their organization.—Ed.

### FOOTBALL GAME

Dear Sir:

Would you please inform me of the Marine team that played Villanova College in 1952? I say that it was Parris Island, but my friend says that



it was Camp Lejeune. Which is right?

Pfc Pat McGuire  
Hq. Btry., 4th Battalion,  
12th Marines,

Third Marine Division, FMF,  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● You are right. It was Parris Island and the game ended in a tie: Parris Island 20, Villanova 20.—Ed.

### NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the members of THE LEATHERNECK Association is hereby called, and will be held at Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., on 4 February, 1954, at 1400, for the transaction of any and all business that may come before said meeting.

H. JAY BULLEN  
Captain, USMCR  
Secretary-Treasurer

#### RESERVE OBLIGATION

Dear Sir:

I had just turned 17 when I enlisted in the Marine Corps for three years. This was in December, 1952.

I have read in previous issues that a man on a three-year enlistment might not have a five-year obligation after he was discharged, but you did not explain the reason for this, if true.

I wish to know how long I will have to serve in a reserve unit when I get discharged?

Pfc B. L. Crow

H&S Co., S-4 Section,

2nd Infantry Training Regiment,  
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● *Marine Corps General Order Number 134 should answer your question completely.—Ed.*

#### MINNESOTA STATE BONUS

Dear Sir:

I would like to know if the state of Minnesota has passed a State Bonus for Korea veterans or if not, is one contemplated?

TSgt. Patrick Murray  
650 18th Street,

Des Moines, Iowa

● *Minnesota has not passed a State Bonus for veterans of the Korean conflict, and we have no knowledge of one being contemplated. It did, however, pass a bonus for World War II veterans.—Ed.*

#### GENERAL DISCHARGE

Dear Sir:

I am a regular Marine serving with the Fifth Marines in Korea, and eligible for discharge on January 24, 1955. I would appreciate it very much if you will answer the following questions in your "Sound Off" column:

(1) Holding a General Discharge, will I be entitled to buy a home under the new "GI Bill?"

(2) Are there any possibilities of being drafted after my three-year hitch is completed?

I would appreciate reading your reply to my questions.

Pfc R. A. Stauffer  
"G" Co., 3rd Bn.,

Fifth Marines,

First Marine Division, FMF,  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Both an Honorable Discharge and a General Discharge are something to be proud of. A man or woman who possesses either can claim all veterans' rights and privileges under Federal and State law. But there is a difference between the two discharges. The General Discharge indicates that the serviceman's record has been satisfactory*



## Work Goes Faster when you chew lively-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Sink your teeth into a stick of Wrigley's Spearmint while you're working and see for yourself! The swell chewing satisfies your yen for "something good"—gives you a nice little lift—

yet never interferes with the job you're doing. Result? Work seems to go faster, easier. Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

KEEP A  
PACK  
IN YOUR  
POCKET



AH68

Established in 1918

## A. M. Bolognese & Sons

### TAILOR AND HABERDASHER QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Specializing in Evening Clothes  
Civilian and USMC Uniforms

Servicing Marines both Overseas  
and at Stateside Posts

Uniforms made to measure. Delivery  
time ranges from three to thirty days

Engraved Cards  
Available With Plate

Approved Swords For  
Immediate Delivery

Campaign ribbons sewn by hand.

## The World's most modern watch

Zodiac  
autographic



Stainless Steel \$71.50  
Gold Filled \$89.50  
(Fed. Tax Incl.)

HERE'S THE WATCH all America is talking about! Self-winding plus the exclusive Reserve Power Gauge... tells at a glance how long your watch will run. Super accuracy... incredible durability. See the Autographic at your dealer today.

17 jewels • water & shock resistant  
anti-magnetic • sweep second hand  
unbreakable crystal • radium dial

An Official Watch Swiss Federal Railways

# Zodiac

ZODIAC WATCH AGENCY • 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17  
A Division of Edward Trauer, Inc.  
Also Distributor of World Famous Clebar Watch

### MORE MARINE OFFICERS

WEAR INSIGNIA

BEARING THE

H-H TRADEMARK



than all others combined.

There must be good reasons for this overwhelming preference.

**HILBORN - HAMBURGER, INC.**

Sole Manufacturers

15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

—that he has been discharged in good standing and under completely honorable conditions. The Honorable Discharge indicates that the serviceman's record has been highly satisfactory—that he has earned the most desirable type of discharge. VA benefits are the same, however.

As for your draft status, you will be placed in Class 1C by your local draft board when you are discharged. Under the present law, you are not eligible for induction.—Ed.

## DECORATIONS AND MEDALS

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to request some information.

I was a staff sergeant in the Marine Corps for five years and served 11 months in Korea with the 1st Tank Battalion. The period was from July 5, 1952, to June 10, 1953. My record book states that I rate the Korean Ribbon with two stars and the United Nations Ribbon. Now, what I'd like to know is: Is this all I rate?

Ed J. Kues

3915 Hudson Street,  
Baltimore 24, Maryland

● We are unable to furnish you with an official transcript of your decorations and medals. However, you may request a transcript and any medals you rate from the Decorations and Medals Branch, Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C. Be sure to include your full name, rank and service number in your letter.—Ed.

## INDUCTEES FROM HAWAII

Dear Sir:

There are a few problems that we would like for you to clear up for us. We read that all men inducted into the

Marine Corps from Hawaii would be transferred to Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, prior to their release. A number of these men are still stationed in California, but are due to get out soon.

Also, will these men receive the same six-cents a mile travel allowance? Air travel is the only means available and proves to be expensive considering the six-cents a mile basis. Square us away on this please.

Corp. R. Naito

Corp. N. K. Yamamoto

"A" Co., Signal School Bn.,

Marine Corps Recruit Depot,

San Diego, California

● Men inducted in Hawaii will be transferred to Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, prior to release; unless they desire to remain in the United States. In the latter case, those men will be paid six cents a mile from their duty station to the nearest port of entry. No travel allowance is authorized for those men returning to Hawaii as transportation by water or air will be furnished by the government.—Ed.

## STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Dear Sir:

Having just finished reading *Battle Cry* by Leon Uris, I've found that I had to write someone who might spread the word that it is the finest novel ever written about the Marine Corps.



It is written in language that only a Marine could fully understand and enjoy. I think that it should be made standard equipment, and every Gung-Ho Marine should read it ten times.

TSgt. William C. Brandenburg III

H&S Co., 1st AmpTracBn.,

First Marine Division, FMF

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● We think it's a good book too, Sarge.—Ed.

## PENSION

Dear Sir:

I read with great interest Corporal Earl MacPherson's letter to you in the October issue of the *Leatherneck*. Your answer to his question of joining a unit of the Organized Marine Corps Reserve and retaining his pension was incorrect. It can be done, as



At Your Exchange



a member of the 56th Special Infantry Company, USMCR, Bellingham, Washington, performed such duty and received a pension for the days that he did not collect drill pay. Paragraph 78720, MCM, (not paragraphs 78700 and 78701 as stated in your answer to Corporal MacPherson) has the necessary information. The latter paragraphs are related, however, in that they pertain to active duty training that might be performed by an organized reservist.

In a letter from CMC to this unit concerning this problem, CMC states that under the Act of September 27, 1950 (64 Stat. 1067), which allows members of the MCR to draw pay and allowances for drill or a pension, but not both at the same time, a reservist must waive his pension in order to draw drill pay, but only for such times as he is actually being paid by the MCR for drills performed.

In other words, Corporal MacPherson must waive his pension upon re-enlisting or interclass transfer to an organized unit, but in doing so, he only waives his pension for the days that he performs drills with the organized unit. The Veterans Administration will pay him his pension for all the other days in the month that he does not attend drill.

Capt. John R. Dickson  
Inspector-Instructor  
56th Special Infantry Company,  
USMCR,

Bellingham, Washington

● *You are right, Captain. Paragraph 78720 pertains to a reservist who waives his pension but it fails to clarify for how long or for what period that he must waive it. A forthcoming change to Paragraph 78720, MCM, will rectify the situation, however. In the meantime, we refer Corporal MacPherson to Section 1 of Public Law 844, 81st Congress, of 27 September, 1950 (64 Stat. 1067).—Ed.*

#### N. Y. BONUS

Dear Sir:

We wish to direct your attention to an article appearing in your publication regarding the New York State Veterans' Bonus. The statement appeared under the caption or column "Sound Off."

As a result of that article, this Bureau has been receiving an extraordinary volume of requests for information and applications.

The enclosed form letter is self-explanatory. It would be greatly appreciated if you would publish a copy of this letter in your magazine, thereby informing your readers of the situation existing relative to the World War II Bonus and the status of mili-

"If you're looking for a career we'd like to talk with you"...



Getting out of the service soon? Wondering what you're going to do to make a living—a *good* living? Maybe we can put you on the track of a career that can not only pay you well, but give you a tremendous amount of personal satisfaction over the years—a career as a representative for the New York Life Insurance Company.

You earn a good income while being trained for the job, and after that you get continuous help from the Company. You can write your own ticket . . . set your own goals . . . be your own boss . . . build a really substantial and secure future for yourself by helping others plan ahead for theirs.

Opportunities in the life insurance field were never greater than they are right now, so we'd like to tell you about them. Before you take an ordinary, run-of-the-mill job, be sure to get all the facts about being a New York Life agent. Opportunities everywhere . . . Branch Offices in all principal cities of the United States. Mail the coupon today—we will send you our new booklet "A Good Man to Be."

#### MAIL COUPON TODAY!

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, DEPT.  
51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send full information on the career opportunities your Company offers young men being released from service.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

PRESENT ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

HOME ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ANTICIPATED DATE OF RELEASE \_\_\_\_\_

In Next Month's  
Leatherneck....  
Special Section on  
Women Marines

**U.S. MARINE CORPS  
RECRUITING  
OFFICE**



**U.S. MARINE CORPS  
RECRUITING  
OFFICE**



**SOUND OFF (cont.)**

tary personnel who entered the service subsequent to September 2, 1945.

Very truly yours,

Timothy F. Sweeney

Adm. Supervisor,

Veterans Bonus Bureau,

Dept. of Taxation and Finance,

1875 North Broadway,

Albany 4, New York

● The form letter reads in part: "The New York State Veterans' Bonus Law authorizes bonus payments only to veterans who were residents of New York State at the time of entry into service and whose military service occurred during World War II between December 7, 1941, and September 2, 1945, inclusive.

"In the event that the Legislature and the voters of the State at some later date authorize bonus payments also to veterans whose service began after September 2, 1945, you may be assured that the matter will be given extensive publicity throughout the country and in military posts."—Ed.

**KOREAN PUC**

Dear Sir:

You have printed repeatedly in the *Leatherneck* that individuals attached to the First Marine Division, during the periods cited, are not authorized to wear the Korean Presidential Unit Citation until it has been accepted by Congress.

I wonder whether either the editors or Headquarters, Marine Corps are aware of the Judge Advocate General's Decision as set forth in the Digest of Opinions: The Judge Advocate General of the Armed Forces, Volume I, page 152. This decision clearly states that such award may be worn, as its acceptance is not subject to approval by Congress.

Capt. Frank C. Trumble

Marine Corps Air Station,

Cherry Point, N. C.

● The Judge Advocate of the Navy has ruled that Unit awards may be accepted by organizations, but the wearing of the ribbon, indicative of such awards by individual members who were attached to and serving with the organization during the period when the UNIT was cited, must have Congressional authority before wearing the ribbon on the Navy and Marine Corps uniform. Therefore, at this writing, the wearing of the Korean Presidential Unit Citation is not authorized for Navy and Marine Corps personnel.

The Judge Advocate General of the Army has ruled otherwise; this accounts for the wearing of the ribbon of

this decoration by Army personnel.—  
Ed.

#### RETAINER PAY

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on retirement. I have been in the Marine Corps 19 years and six months and have three years volunteer reserve service. If I retired on 20, would I be paid for the three years reserve time? If I went out as a master sergeant, what would my retirement pay be? If I remain in the Marine Corps three more years, giving me 23 years active service and three years reserve time, what would be my retirement pay?

MSgt. John W. Segars  
Hq. Co. 3rd Bn.  
3rd. Infantry Training  
Regiment.

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● Marine Corps personnel cannot retire (except for disability) with less than 30 years service. They may, however, transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve after completion of 19 years and six months active service.

Inactive reserve service is not creditable in the computation of retainer or retired pay but it is creditable in determining basic pay. Receiving a base pay based upon 22 years of service, upon transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with 19 years and six months active service, your retainer and retired pay would be \$145.24 a month. Upon the completion of an additional three years active service, a total of 22 years and six months active service, your retainer and retired pay would be \$167.02 a month. With 23 years active and three years inactive, base pay would be increased, and upon transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve your monthly retainer and retired pay would be \$175.81.—Ed.

#### WANTS TO BE A MARINE

Dear Sir:

Ever since I was a little girl I always wanted to be a Marine like my father and brother. But since I was born a girl I didn't think I had much chance of joining until a couple of weeks ago.

I am 17 years of age and a senior in high school. Some of the girls in my class have joined the reserve of the Navy and the Air Force, and I would like very much to join the reserve myself, and go into active duty right after I graduate which will be in June. I won't be 18 until August 25. How old do you have to be to join the reserve?

It wouldn't be any trouble going to the meetings, since I live just across the bay from Treasure Island, and I promise to attend all the meetings. I haven't told my dad or brother yet, only my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

## Be WISE About KING SIZE

Ask yourself... Do you have all  
this with your present cigarette?

- Clean, fresh taste after smoking
- Full enjoyment of food
- Freedom from cigarette cough
- Mouth and throat comfort
- All day smoking enjoyment



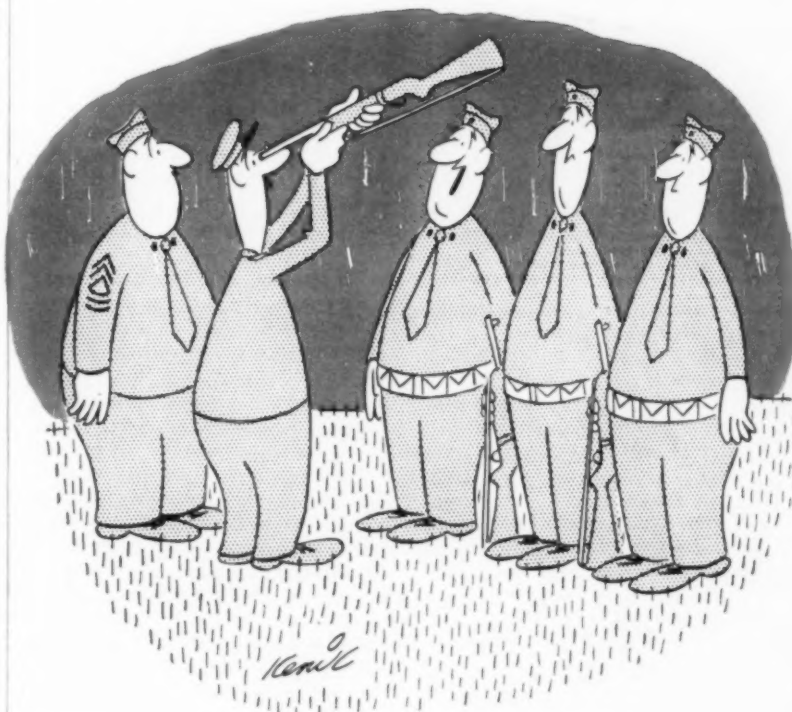
If you answer "NO" to ANY of these questions—

### IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO PHILIP MORRIS!



## FOR PHILIP MORRIS

KING-SIZE  
OF  
REGULAR!



"Naturally you can't see . . . there's a bullet  
stuck in the barrel!"

**Crosman for Christmas**  
Complete home pistol set and instructions for accurate indoor shooting.  
Write For Catalog **\$14.95**  
**CROSMAN ARMS CO., Fairport, N. Y., Dept. 70**



**CAMERA FANS**  
**Free** For a limited time, we will send to service men any place in the world our 2-compartment  
**Free** **FILM MAILERS VIA AIRMAIL**  
Yes, at our expense, we will send a liberal supply of special 2-compartment mailers via airmail. Each mailer holds up to five rolls of film. We return all finished work via airmail.  
**AIRMAIL A CARD TODAY**  
**JAXS PHOTO SERVICE**  
**BOX 9021, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**

### ATTENTION MARINES!


Save 20% to 50% on diamonds, major appliances, and all nationally advertised silverware. Compare our prices on your sterling pattern. Write or phone:

ST. 6762

### REVERE JEWELERS

735 13th Street, N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

**Kruger Pistols Wholesale! \$3.00**  
**.12 CALIBER SINGLE SHOT**  
Crafted after famous German Luger design. Not an air or CO<sub>2</sub> gun. This is a small bore gun that actually shoots .12 caliber lead bullets fired by 14mg powder charge. Beautiful gun... ideal for target shooting. 4" steel barrel. Overall length 8 1/2". This amazingly low price is due to small bore gun design, direct factory-to-you sales. Comes with 50 bullets. Send for extra bullets or available at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Limited offer. Adults only. Send \$3 to KRUGER CORP, Kruger Bldg, Box N62, Alhambra, Calif.



## No War Clauses

\* In our twentieth year of service to the Armed Forces. Write for details.

**Government Personnel**  
**Mutual Life Insurance Company**  
(An old line legal reserve company)  
505 East Travis Street  
San Antonio, Texas




*Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.*

Mrs. Ethel H. Robbins, RFD 1, Landrum, S.C., to hear from anyone who served with her son, **Corp. Albert R. ROBBINS**, reported MIA while serving with the First Marine Division on July 19, 1953.

Mrs. John R. Skelton, RFD 1, Box 420, Richmond, Va., to hear from **Charles TURNER**, whose last known address was the 29th Replacement Draft, in 1945.

Mrs. Gladys Clark, 205 East Lincoln St., Marshalltown, Iowa, to hear from anyone who served with her son, **SSgt. Larry L. CLARK**, who was reported MIA on July 27, 1953, while serving with "E" Co., 2nd Bn., First Marines.

Mrs. K. MacLean, 8305 12th Ave., Silver Spring, Md., to hear from anyone who served with her son, **Pfc Kenneth C. (Scotty) MacLEAN**, who was KIA while serving with "E" Co., 2nd Bn., First Marines, on July 25, 1953.

M. R. Gandy, Jr., 314 East Henry St., Savannah, Ga., to hear from anyone who served with him in "H" Co., 3rd Bn., First Marines during 1950-51.

Miss Shirley Stoller, 373 Park Ave., Rochester 7, N. Y., to hear from **Corp. Richard LA BOMBARD**, whose last known address was Wpns Co., 3rd Bn., First Marines, First Marine Division.

Richard Shingola, 418 Smith St., Perth Amboy, N. J., to hear from a Marine with whom he served in the mortar section of "A" Co., 1st Bn., Seventh Marines, in 1951. The buddy's last name is **RUSTY**, believed to be from Pennsylvania.

George K. Stahl, Box 891, Grayville, Ill., to hear from **Lt. Guy H. NICHOLS**,

who served in China with the Seventh Service Regiment in 1945-46.

Edward Martin, 608 1st Ave., N., Moorhead, Minn., to hear from **Sgt. Otis EDWARDS**, whose last known address was Camp Pendleton, Calif.

SSgt. John W. Lepeska, "C" Co., 2nd Shore Party Bn., Second Marine Division, FMF, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from **SSgt. Ira O. TITTLE**, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

Mrs. Dalton White, Route 2, Box 272, Ashland, Ky., to hear from anyone who served with her husband, **Pfc Dalton J. WHITE**, who was reported MIA on July 19, 1953, while serving with "G" Co., 3rd Bn., Seventh Marines.

P. E. Higgins, 4209-A Connecticut, St. Louis, Mo., to hear from **Harold QUINN**, formerly of the 2d Eng. Bn., Camp Lejeune, N.C., or anyone who served with that outfit from June, 1948 to June, 1952.

Mrs. George S. Welch, Route 6, Box 558, Austin, Texas, to hear from anyone who served with her son, **Corp. Leonard C. BROWN**, who was KIA while serving with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., Fifth Marines, on December 2, 1950.

B. L. Nicholas, 1860 Billingsley Terrace, New York 53, N.Y., to hear from **Sgt. Allen E. GAFFNEY**, whose last known address was H&S Co., 1st Bn., Third Marines, Third Marine Division, in October, 1951.

Miss Ann Matulik, 718 W. 21st Place, Chicago, Ill., to hear from **Sgt. Steve STEVENS**, whose last known address was H&S Co., Fifth Marines, First Marine Division.

TSgt. Robert L. Cushman, 676 Norwood Drive, Pasadena 2, Calif., to hear from **SSgt. Robert A. RUSSELL**, last known to be stationed in Santiago, Chile, in 1950.

SSgt. Charles C. McCorkel, MCRSS, Spartanburg, S.C., to hear from anyone who served with **Corp. Albert R. ROBBINS**, who was reported MIA on July 19, 1953, while serving with "G" Co., 3rd Bn., Seventh Marines.

SSgt. Joseph B. Fox, I&I Staff, 1st 90-mm. AAA Gun Bn., USMCR, Freemansburg, Pa., to hear from **Corp. Lee H. HALL**, whose last known address was H&S Co., 1st Amphibian Tractor Bn., FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.



Daniel Boone Kidd, USMC, Ret., 324 Harbor Rd., Bldg. #2, Section "K", San Francisco 24, Calif., to hear from **Charles E. JENNINGS**, an old buddy who retired as a staff sergeant.

\* \* \*

Sgt. Brooke W. Hardy, MCRSS, Room 207, Post Office Building, Idaho Falls, Idaho, to hear from **Corp. Stan-ton KEENEY**, whose last address was MCRD, San Diego, Calif.

\* \* \*

Bill Orloff, 10907 Wright Rd., Lyn-wood, Calif., to hear from **Sgt. PERRY**, or anyone else who served with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., Seventh Marines, from August to December, 1950.

\* \* \*

Corp Joe Magazzini, I&I Staff, Ma-rine Corps Reserve, 1840 Cleveland Blvd., Lorain, Ohio, to hear from **Maj. Gus C. DASKALAKIS**, or anyone else who served with the 1st Parachute Bn.

\* \* \*

A/2c John M. Terhune, AF 12403882, 1973 AACS Sq., K-2, APO 970, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pvt. Robert SCHNIEDER**, of New York City.

\* \* \*

Jeanne Labage, 59 Channing St., Wollaston, Mass., to hear from **Pfc John Henry WADE**, last known to be serving in the Mediterranean area with the 2nd Bn. (Reinforced), Eighth Marines.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bess M. Custard, 1900 "F" St., NW, Washington, D. C., to hear from anyone who served with her son, **Sgt. Donald M. CUSTARD, KIA** while serving with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division on September 21, 1951.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Elverta Earle, 1533 Pleasant Valley Blvd., Altoona, Pa., to hear from **Sgt. Richard CHAMBERS**, whose last known address was 1st Combat Service Group, First Marine Division.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Nelson M. Smith, South Lon-donderry, Vt., to hear from anyone who served with her son, **Corp. Francis R. (Smitty) SMITH, KIA** while serving with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., Seventh Ma-rines, on July 25, 1953.

\* \* \*

SSgt. Thomas L. Lambert, 1st Rec. Trng. Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., to hear from **Pfc John (Arky) TODD**, whose last known address was MB, Yokosuka, Japan, or from anyone who served with **Pfc William R. GOLL, KIA** on June 2, 1951, while serving with Wpns. Co., 1st Bn., Fifth Marines.

\* \* \*

SSgt. Jerome S. Bonkowski, 1524 East 84th Place, Chicago 19, Ill., to

TURN PAGE

# Sky lines



Edited by MSgt. Edward Barnum

The Physiological Devices Center at Cherry Point has constructed a night vision trainer to teach pilots to recognize ground features after dark.

The trainer is a 15-foot square land and seascape, scaled in realistic miniature. Students, on a platform above the scene, try to identify various ground features. A city, a harbor, a farmland, a river and ships at sea all lie below.

The students' job is to distinguish the number, size and kind of feature. Darkness intensities are achieved by a dimmer control.

Navy Lieutenant (j.g.) J. D. McIlraith directs the school.

\* \* \*

Fairchild Aircraft's new Flying Trailer took to the road recently to prove that it is equally at home on the highway and in the air. Resemblance of the roadable air-cargo pack to a conventional freight trailer is so close that motorists hardly gave the pod a second glance during tests on highways and secondary roads.

Designed as a detachable cargo com-partment for the unique Fairchild XC-120 Pack Plane, the Flying Trailer represents a new concept in military and civil air cargo transportation.

\* \* \*

President Dwight D. Eisenhower is the first pilot ever to land in the White House.

The story came to light when it was discovered that the present Chief Execu-tive has the honor of being the first Presi-

dent in history to hold a pilot's license—certificate number 93258.

The President has been a pilot for 14 years. He learned to fly in 1939 when he was stationed in the Philippines as a lieutenant colonel on the staff of General Douglas MacArthur.

\* \* \*

Faced with a shortage of skilled workers, the aircraft industry is now "training with pay" some 27,000 Americans in 86 air-craft plants throughout the Nation. This information is based on a government survey.

The construction of today's high-per-formance planes requires workers proficient in a relatively wide variety of skills. The survey indicated a current shortage of tool and die makers, aircraft and engine mechanics, jig and fixture builders, machinists and machine operators, among others.

\* \* \*

The Bureau of Aeronautics announced that Chance Vought Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation had won a design competition for a new Navy day fighter.

Details of the new jet fighter will be withheld until it is in operation, but it will have higher performance than previous Navy day fighters.

The design chosen was considered by the Navy fighter design and evaluation experts to be the best suited for Navy requirements from designs submitted by eight aircraft manufacturers.

END



Photo by Grumman Aircraft Corp.

The Cougar, latest in the Grumman series, is considered superior in performance to the MIG. The new "cat" is in the "over 650 mph" class

## MAIL CALL (cont.)

hear from "Espo" ESPINOSA, who served with H&S and "E" Cos., 2nd Bn., Seventh Marines in April, 1951.

Mrs. Esther Frazee, 303 Prospect St., Box 533, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, to hear from Corp. ROTERT, Sparano PARK-AM or "Doc" RILE, or anyone who served with her son, Pfc Kenneth L. SKEEN, KIA while serving with "D" Co., 2nd Bn., Seventh Marines on July 20, 1953.

Robert B. Balthrope, 3754 77th St., Jackson Heights, L. I. New York, N.Y., to hear from Pfc Alexander KUZMICH, whose home is in Boston, Mass.

Bruce Weissend, 48½ Radio St., Rochester, N.Y., to hear from Capt. Edward HOLIKEY, SSgt. Leon C. CHESSE and SSgt. Clarence R. MILSTER, or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Miss Joan Stoner, RR #1, Box 324, Osceola, Ind., to hear from Pfc William R. MEYERS, whose last known address was "I" Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Inf. Trng. Regt., Camp Pendleton.

Mrs. Ray Berry, Rt. 1, Hamilton, Mo., to hear from anyone who knew her brother, Pfc Marshall E. WHITE-MAN, KIA while serving with "B" Co., 1st Bn., Seventh Marines on April 9, 1953.

Harry G. Brohen, 482 North 12th St., Newark, N. J., to hear from anyone who knew his brother, Pfc Philip R. BROHEN, KIA on July 25, 1953, while serving with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., First Marines.

James C. Cowart, 2102 So. Hosmer, Tacoma 3, Wash., to hear from Major Bernard T. KELLEY, WO ROSETTA and TSgt. MARSHALL, with whom he served at China Lake, Calif.

Pfc Richard G. Fraser, Bks. 434,

NAD, NATTC, Jacksonville, Fla., to hear from Pfc William BOLT, believed to be at Barstow, Calif.

Mark A. Heintz, 720 Lincoln Way, Massillon, Ohio, to hear from Walter K. McDERMITT, whose last known address was Quantico, Va.

Pfc Herbert H. Brown, 1st Plt., "E" Co., 1st Inf. Trng. Bn., Marine Corps Base, Camp Pendleton, Calif., to hear from a boot camp buddy whose last name is MERIDITH.

Paul G. Martin, 80-08-135th St., Kew Gardens, N.Y., to hear from anyone who served with him in Reconnaissance Company, First Marine Division, from September 15, 1950 to November 4, 1951.

Ex-MSgt. John C. Mansfield, 2504 So. 67th St., Philadelphia, Pa., to hear from Eugene (Smiley) BLAKE, "Frenchy" CARAVEAUX and CWO Carl C. TIMMERMAN.

Anna Keyser, Little Falls, RD 1, N.Y., to hear from TSgt. J. V. ANDLER, SSgts. L. G. BENTZ, N. L. DUGGER, L. A. OLSON, or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mercurio, 223 East Eagle St., East Boston, Mass., to hear from anyone who knew their son, Pfc Edward A. MERCURIO, KIA on July 22 while serving with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., Fifth Marines.

Sgt. Richard Lenz, Maint. Co., Ord. Supp. Bn., 1st CSG (less Det.), Service Command, FMF, Camp Pendleton, Calif., to hear from Pfc William ROBERTS, whose last known address was "F" Co., 2nd Bn., Seventh Marines.

Sgt. Dale O. Heisley, Hq. Co., 7th Eng. Bn., FMF-Pac, Camp Pendleton, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Oliver D. WORKMAN, or Corp. Leonard J. CASTILLER.

Corp. J. B. Conley, Station Legal Office, MCAS, El Toro, (Santa Ana) Calif., to hear from Sgt. W. Karl BIELEFELDT, whose last known address was 1st Rec. Trng. Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C.

Pfc George N. Burke, Marine Detachment, USS St. Paul, CA-73, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Pfc Reuben A. TURMAN, whose last known address was Wpns. Trng. Bn., Camp Matthews, San Diego, Calif.



"Good Heavens! That wouldn't have slowed down a MARINE!"

# The Old Gunny Says ...

"MEN, do you realize that most of the time you spend in the Corps will be spent either getting instruction or giving information?"

"The Marine Corps is one big school constantly devoted to teaching a multitude of general and special military subjects. The higher you go in rank the more you will be expected to instruct other Marines or to plan and supervise instruction. The ability and reputation for good instruction is one of the best assets a man of any rank can have during his service career.

"Many of you who are going to be around this lash-up for some time will be giving instruction—and we all know that there is some poor, ineffective and boring instruction going on. You don't want to be classed with the knuckleheads who don't know how to instruct. So I'm going to talk to you a few minutes about just one aspect of military instruction, *preparation*.

"Now, regardless of what method of instruction you use, the lecture, the demonstration, a discussion or application, you should be well prepared to give the instruction. First of all we gotta analyze the subject that is to be taught and determine our purpose or objective. Considering who the students are and their background, experience or knowledge, we decide what it is they *need to know* about this subject. We don't have time to put out a lot of miscellaneous dope that's just nice to know; instead we confine the instruction to material these men *must* know to do their jobs. Decide just what you are going to teach. Then study the manuals and references and talk to experienced men to get their ideas. Find some good examples which will help illustrate points and ideas. Then cut your lesson down to the main information you want to get across and don't try to cover too much in one lesson.

"Figure out the best way to present

the instruction. A lecture is not the only method. Perhaps a demonstration would be better. Use your imagination, consider all possible ways you might teach the ideas and try to add some variety to your method. Try to employ some good simple training aids that are appropriate and easy to see. But don't ever design instruction around a training aid. Training films and charts are only tools to help us put over ideas and information.

"Organize your lesson. Write up a simple outline of the main points to be covered. It's good to have a short introduction which will stimulate the student's interest and tell him why this dope is important to him, and to tell him the purpose of the instruction and how you intend to accomplish it.

"Leave a few minutes for a question period so your men can clear up things they didn't understand. If you can't answer all the questions—don't try to bluff. Tell your men you'll get the answers for them—and be sure you do.

"End up with a summary in your lesson outline. In the summary, review and reemphasize the main ideas you have put out. Don't add any new information—and keep the summary short.



"Figure out the timing for your lesson and make a note of administrative details such as classroom set-up, charts, aids, chalk, paper and pencils, assistants needed or slide projectors. Work out all the details so your instruction will go smoothly and the troops won't be harassed by waiting.

"Then rehearse your instruction. If you have time and can possibly do it, rehearse the instruction in the area where you will actually present it. Get a buddy to listen to you and give suggestions.

"A good rehearsal or two helps you learn your stuff so you don't have to depend on notes and can talk naturally. It helps you get over nervousness because it builds your self-confidence. Rehearsal is a big factor in really good instruction and is an important part of preparation.

"Well, are there any questions?"

"Just remember; many of you will be called upon to give instruction while you're in the Corps. Good instruction is based upon thorough preparation which is hard work. But it's a good experience and, what's even more important, every Marine deserves the very best instruction we can give him."

END

# Four Star Visit

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

**T**HE SLEEK, SILVER and white R5D settled into the landing pattern, banked gracefully to the left and homed into the Atsugi Naval Air Station on final approach. It was the long awaited morning and the contingent of officers wearing general's stars moved into a single file on the edge of the number one spot of the parking apron.

Then, as the giant four-engine air-

craft rolled down the landing strip and turned into the taxiway, the welcoming committee stiffened, tucked swagger sticks under arms and waited.

The "boss" was arriving in Japan. General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., was making his second trip to the Far East as Commandant of the Marine Corps and his tenth since the start of the Korea War. His itinerary called for inspection tours that would carry him



General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., and Vice Admiral Robert P. Briscoe, USN,

COMNAVFE, inspect Marine honor guard at U. S. Naval Base in Yokosuka



through two countries and the more than 25 Marine installations in Japan and South Korea. Using First Marine Air Wing helicopters, he would "drop in" on two of his top divisions, the "Fightin' First" and the "3-D Third." All this would be accomplished in less than ten days.

And waiting for the Commandant to disembark from the plane were the Marine leaders already in the Far East, Major General Vernon E. Megee, veteran commander of the First Marine Air Wing; Major General Robert H. Pepper, commanding the Third Marine Division, along with Brigadier General William W. Davies of the TTT, Amphibious Force, Far East, and Colonel Edwin C. Ferguson, FMF Pacific Representative. Only the absence of Major General Randolph McC. Pate, "at home" with his First Marine Division in Korea, kept the roll call from being complete.

They waited to greet the man who guides the destiny of the United States Marine Corps.

As General Shepherd left the plane he was followed by Lieutenant General W. O. Brice, Assistant Commandant for Air; Brigadier General T. A. Wornham, Assistant Chief of Staff for Oper-

ations, and Brigadier General R. H. Ridgely, Jr., Director of Personnel. Colonel T. F. Riley, Assistant Logistics Officer from Washington, and Lieutenant Colonel F. C. Lahue, aide to the Commandant, were also aboard.

It's a long and exhausting trip from Hawaii to Japan with only one short refueling stop at Wake Island, but if General Shepherd felt any of the strain of the tedious flight, it was carefully hidden. His smile was contagious as he looked down on the welcoming committee from the hatch of the plane. He scanned the faces of the men who were the senior members of his team. He depended on them to carry the ball he

once handled as a regimental, brigade and division commander in World War II. However, five minutes with the General and anyone can easily understand that he still calls the signals for the team.

The first stop on the itinerary was to be the Naval Base at Yokosuka and in less than ten minutes after arriving in Japan, General Shepherd was fastening his safety belt in the passenger compartment of a Marine "whirlybird" for the 20-minute flight. The other members of the official party, now familiar with the Commandant's zeal, knew they were in for a whirlybird inspection tour that would have them

**TURN PAGE**

## The Commandant found two Marine Divisions in the Far East ready for war or peace

Official USMC Photos



The Commandant spoke to troops at informal gatherings such as this in Korea. Men listened to

General Shepherd with keen interest. Marine at left took opportunity to snap photos of Commandant



General Shepherd and Major General Randolph McC. Pate, CG 1stMarDiv, view Marine positions



General Shepherd trudged Korean hills to inspect 1stMarDiv outposts

#### FOUR STAR VISIT (cont.)

double timing to keep the pace set by the General. They were following a man who wastes little time and whose energy is boundless.

Vice Admiral Robert P. Briscoe, Commander, Naval Forces, Far East, met the helicopter bearing the four stars of the Commandant and escorted General Shepherd down the line of blue-clad Marines of the Marine Barracks, Yokosuka. After inspecting the Honor Guard, the General was closeted with Admiral Briscoe for a top level conference—the first of many with the military leaders of all branches of the armed forces in Japan and Korea.

A few hours later the Commandant was again airborne in a helicopter, this time for flight across Yokohama and Tokyo to Pershing Heights, home and headquarters of General John E. Hull, Commander, Far East Forces and the United Nations Command. Here again, an honor guard, this time a tri-service unit, stood at attention as General Hull guided the Commandant through its ranks, then over to another line of officers waiting to be formally presented.

They wore the multi-colored uniforms of the 19 other nations working against aggression.

The shadows of the three flag poles in front of the United Nations' building grew long and stretched across the parade ground as the Commandant departed from General Hull's conference table. The staff at Pershing Heights and the Yokosuka Naval Base were locking their desks and preparing for a quiet evening at home. Marines of the Third Division were liberty bound and the lights of the Ernie Pyle and other clubs in the Tokyo area were being turned on in anticipation of another pleasurable evening for the security forces. But General Shepherd had covered only half of his itinerary for the day. Several sedans whisked the party to the Tokyo International Airport where the Commandant's plane waited. A three-hour flight would bring the group to Korea and the headquarters of General Megee's First Marine Air Wing. An inspection was scheduled for the following morning and General Shepherd wasn't about to disappoint the officers and men of the First Marine Air Wing.

Traveling to and from Korea can be likened to entering or leaving an enormous Naval Base via the main gate, except that any infraction of the rules can lead to an international incident instead of just shaking up a Marine sentry. Everyone, general and private alike, must check in with a neutral nations' team. It calls for a landing at a specified port of entry and, when

cleared, a takeoff and landing at the ultimate destination. The Commandant's trip had been blessed with good flying weather, but the skies over Korea seldom clear. Consequently, the crew of the RSD had to sweat through two GCA (Ground Controlled Approach) landings before unloading the official party at the First Marine Air Wing headquarters. The weather turned from bad to worse and they were met by a downpour of rain which continued through the night and the following day. The rain also washed out the formal review scheduled by the First Marine Air Wing.

After a tour of the aviation facilities at the Wing's main base General Shepherd flew to Seoul. General Pate and staff officers of the First Marine Division were on hand to greet the party when it arrived at the Seoul Airport. Before journeying north to the bunkers of the Marine Division, the Commandant made two calls in the South Korean capital city—a visit with an old friend, President Syngman Rhee, and a conference with Lieutenant General S. E. Anderson, Fifth Air Force Commander. General Shepherd's friendship with the South Korean President dates back to the early days of the Korea War when he was Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific. During that time he was almost a commuter between Pearl Harbor and Korea and the two friends had many meetings up to January 1, 1952, when he became the 20th Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Bad weather continued to mar the Commandant's tour. His plans to fly by helicopter from Seoul to the First Marine Division CP were abandoned and the entire party motored over Korea's treacherous muddy roads to the command post, situated just south of the main line of defenses.

There was no letup in the General's schedule. Early the next morning he was briefed by General Pate and his staff officers on the current situation involving the Marines' portion of the defenses. Outside, the helicopters waited to leapfrog the Commandant and his party to the Marine units scattered along the now quiet western front.

Several miles north and only a few minutes flying time from the Division CP, Marines of the First, Fifth, Seventh and Eleventh Marines waited for the whirlybirds to clear the hills around their positions and alight with their many-starred visitors. Korean Marine units, the First and Second Regiments attached to the Marines, knew they were on the Commandant's itinerary and they, too, were prepared to receive the distinguished guests. Each outfit hoped to show General Shepherd that his "Fightin' First" was as tough and ready as ever.

The two-day visit started with the First Marines, then on to the Division's training center where Marines were concentrating on a type of warfare which was used only once during the Korean War, but there was always the possibility of a future use for their specialty—amphibious warfare. Not many of these Marines made the amphibious assault on Inchon in September, 1950, but they were getting the same type of training used by the Marines who added that page to Marine Corps history.

A trip closer to the front, to a Division observation point, gave General Shepherd the opportunity to look over the new Marine defensive positions erected since the cease-fire. The General, a fighting man for over 30 years, might have felt a twinge of his heart after scanning the battle line where aggressive Marines played a defensive role.

But if the frontline defensive positions caused the Commandant to ponder on the pros and cons of this present day type of warfare, it vanished later in the day and was replaced by a few nostalgic memories of the past when he visited his old regiment, the Fifth Marines. It was (continued on page 74)

General Shepherd is an avid camera enthusiast. He favors 35-mm. because it's least bulky



The Commandant always took time out for handshakes and talks with officers and men. General has uncanny memory for names





## This is Headquarters

**You can pack your sea bag  
when the Detail Section at  
Headquarters goes to work**

# How Did I Get Here?

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**"M**AN," ALLOWAY SAID, "I sure don't know what I ever did to deserve this. There ain't a stone in all of Korea that I ain't tripped over today."

We were off the line for a little rest. The outfit that had taken over from us was still catching it from the Commies. Pfc James Aloysius Alloway, my buddy, and I were just back from a conditioning hike; we were in our tent easing our poor, little feet.

"An' to think," Alloway continued, "there I was, fat, dumb and not too unhappy at Parris Island, an' what happens? Some knucklehead decides I should give up my life of ease for this!"

I could see it coming—the old rhu-barb—the Marine Corps transfer system. Well, what are you going to do? It happens—guys beat their gums from Bremerton, Wash., to Camp Lejeune—all over . . .

I'm a sympathetic soul, so I said, "Beat 'em, Jimmy boy. At least you had hikes down there at PI; me—I came off independent duty. I thought I really had a plank, but here I am in the land of kimchee. Thought they'd never find me . . . still don't know how they did it."

We kicked it around some more and decided that some plank owner in Washington had it in for us. Why else were we transferred out to Korea when we knew we shouldn't have even left the United States. Not us. Someone

else, maybe, but certainly not us.

About that time the "Gunny" walked in to check on us after the hike. "Who do you think you are?" he wanted to know. Privileged characters, or something? Why shouldn't you two so highly indispensable people help us out?"

"We didn't mean it that way," Jimmy said. "We ain't complaining about coming out here; it's just that we can't figure out how they trapped us."

"You've got a lot of things to learn about this outfit, chick," the Gunny said. "They didn't trap you; you were slated for a little bit of this duty, and you got it."

"Yeah, we got it," I groaned.

Old hashmark glared at me, so I set down with a firm determination to let Jimmy do the rest of the talking.

"Well, tell me Sarge," Jimmy said, "how did they select us?"

"Now you've come to the right man, chick. I pulled a tour of duty at Headquarters just before coming out here. Worked over at Henderson Hall but had to make runs over across the street to the Detail Section of the Personnel Branch."

"You mean they got a special section to transfer people around?" Jimmy asked.

"You better believe it," the Gunny said. "It isn't a very big section either but they sure turn out the work."

Forgetting to keep my big mouth shut, I added, "Yeah and all those

people have probably been there umpteenth years and don't care about us guys in the field."

"One of these days you're really going to burn me with your sounding off," the Gunny growled. "But today I feel too good. Those people pull a regular tour of duty up there at Headquarters, just like you and me. Matter of fact, the Sergeant Major down at Battalion used to work up there in Enlisted Detail."

"Couldn't he pick a better place than this to transfer to?"

"Well, he was playing it smart," the Sarge said. "His control date was way back in 1945 and he figured for his career this was the smart move."

"What's this control date thing?" Jimmy asked.

"That's the date a man last returned from overseas," we were informed. "Believe you me, that's real important when transfers come around, too. I don't know but those control dates and time on station are the two biggest items they take into consideration before they transfer a man. I'm not too checked out on the overall operation but the next time the Battalion Sergeant Major takes a trip up here maybe you two can collar him and he can explain the big picture to you." Up to now the Gunny had that self-satisfied feeling a guy gets when he's passing out info but then he remembered to be himself. "Now, get hot on your



gear, 'cause this outfit is going to greet the new sun tomorrow morning about five miles from here on a special problem."

Sure enough, the next morning we poured out of the sack at 0400 and took off for the boondocks. We spent the whole day out there playing like Marines and were so tired when we came in that night that we didn't think about transfers—or anything else, for that matter.

It wasn't until the next Tuesday that the subject was brought up again. The Gunny hit the tent and, with his usual dulcet tones he bellowed, "Hey, you two yard-birds. The Battalion Sergeant Major is in the First Sergeant's tent and will be down here pretty soon. I told him you were jar heads when it came to the subject of transfers. I don't know why, but he's gonna stop by here to cut you in on the straight skinny."

Always looking to check a cinch, I told Jimmy, "We don't say anything to the rest of the guys about this. That way we can hassle a few bets on transfer dope and pick us up some more spending paper for the next R and R."

About this time the Sergeant Major walked into the tent. "Are you the two men who were arguing about the ins and outs of transfers?"

We told him we were and he wanted to know just what our problem was. "No problem, Sergeant Major," Jimmy said. "We just don't understand it all."

"Don't feel bad, son," the Sergeant Major sounded real patient. "A lot of people with a lot more time in than



you don't understand it either. Actually, it's simple. I'll start from scratch and give it to you pretty generally. This is an age of machines and the Corps uses them to help it run its business. A lieutenant friend of mine worked in what they call the Machine Records Installation at Headquarters,

and he used to say that his section was largely made up of idiots. Then he'd define an idiot as something senseless and say the machines in his section were certainly senseless.

"Well the Corps has MRI sections spotted throughout the country and every month they send in a report to Headquarters. The whole transfer system is based on these reports—and they cover every Marine in the Corps."

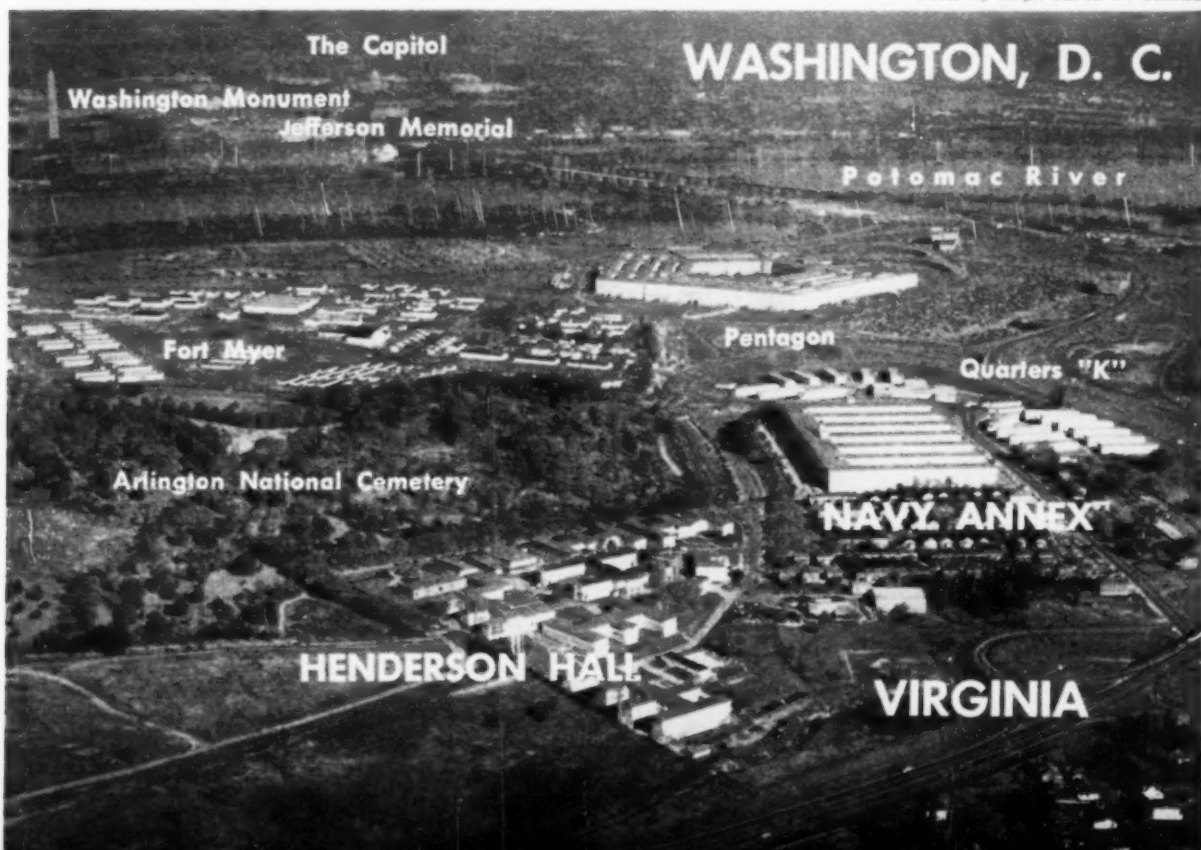
One thing puzzled me. "I just came off independent duty," I said, "and we didn't have one of those Machine Installations where I was."

"No, you probably didn't. But your outfit sent their unit diaries to the MRI located nearest you and they made out the report that went to Washington. Anyhow," the Sergeant Major went on, "all these figures are neatly tabulated at D. C. The first half of each report from the MRIs in the field lists all the Staff NCOs in the area covered by that installation. The second section gives the figures on everybody in a certain MOS field. Then it breaks down each individual field by MOS, the total authorized strength; the total actual strength; the reserves; the number of people eligible for overseas; guys going out on 20 or on medicals; and those people who have never been over here."

"Holy mackerel," Jimmy said. "Why do they need all that dope?"

**TURN PAGE**

*Photo by MSgt. James W. Galloway*



## HOW DID I GET HERE? (cont.)

"Believe me, it's all necessary to keep things straight so one guy doesn't do all the moving around," the Sergeant Major told us. "We used to work three or four months in advance on all transfers when I was back there. From all these figures we could determine which outfit was going to be short of a certain MOS and rank in advance. We also knew how many were coming back from over here so that we could replace them with people who hadn't been over yet. I know they use the same system now as we did when I was at Headquarters."

"Then you're probably the guy who transferred me out here," I said. Maybe I had finally found someone to pin my troubles on.

"I could have been," the Sergeant Major said, "but you merely replaced someone who had already finished his time out here and was slated to come back. Maybe I did put out the word that you would take the sea voyage. I merely sent the dope out that a corporal of your MOS would be transferred to Pendleton for an overseas draft. Your organization may have selected you because you had never been overseas before and you fit into the quota we assigned them."

"What are we?" I shouted. "Just numbers that get moved around?"

"Don't get excited," the old Sarge said. "Those things are watched pretty close, and a lot of you lower rated men have the mistaken idea that you are just warm bodies to the Corps. I can tell you for a fact that you aren't; the people who do the transferring also get transferred periodically and they know what it's like."

Jimmy was taking all this in and you could almost hear the wheels turn in his head before he asked. "How did you get out here, Sergeant Major?"

"I asked to come out here. A long time ago I decided to make the Marine Corps my career. I've had the training to be a Marine and for my career's sake I thought this was the place for me. Besides, we Staff NCOs are transferred under a little different system than you two are."

"How's that?" I wanted to know.

"All of us come under a scheme called 'career planning,' just like the officers do in the Marine Corps. They try to give each one of us a variety of related job assignments so we get a well rounded education in the Corps so we make better NCOs. We get a little FMF duty, maybe some class room type training at one of the Marine Corps specialist schools, perhaps a little independent duty—everything to qual-

ify us as better Marines. As you two men advance in time and rank you'll eventually fall under this system too and be guided throughout your Marine Corps career. You've both probably seen transfer orders and noticed that Staff NCOs are transferred by name."

We had wondered about that situation.

"Well this MRI report on Staffs that I told you about lists each Staff NCO at the area covered by that Installation. They are all listed by name, rank, serial number, MOS, expiration of obligated service, date joined present station and overseas control date. A master file is kept by each monitor on all the staffs in his field."

Warming up to the subject, Jimmy wanted to know how this monitor business worked.

"Well," the Sergeant Major explained, "the section is broken down into four monitoring units. Each one of these units handles one big MOS field and the smaller fields relating more nearly to that field."

This snowed me and I asked him to

tillery field. Understand what I mean?"

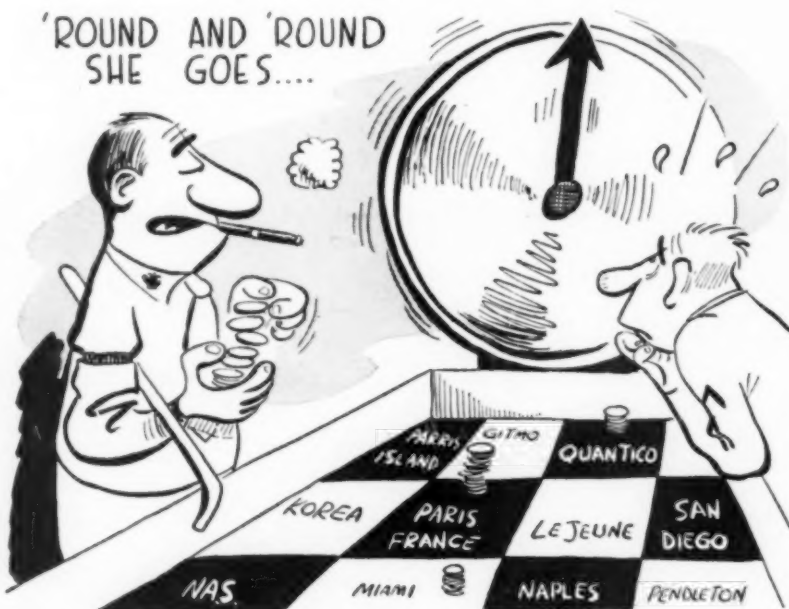
"Yeah, I can see that," I said. "Who runs these monitoring units?"

"Well, these units are sub-divisions of the Detail Section of the Personnel Branch at Headquarters. Each unit is made up of either two or three people with an officer-in-charge. These units handle the transfers of Marines whose MOSs fall into their particular fields. For example, if you have a field music MOS, your transfer would be handled by the unit which is responsible for administrative field transfers."

"How do they keep them all straight?" Jimmy asked.

"It's a big job, but there's more to it than that—figure keeping track of the various requests for duty at a certain post or station. These have to be kept straight, too. The letter that you people write in through channels for assignment to a certain post is given as much careful consideration as the letters from other men."

"Take the job one of these monitors suffers through when he assigns a man to some kind of independent duty."



go over it again slowly for me.

"Let me put it this way," he said. "Naturally the administrative field and the artillery field are entirely different both in size and nature. Therefore, they would fall into different monitoring units. It works that way all the way through. All those fields remotely associated with the administrative field would fall under that monitor handling that one big field. The same is true of those fields that could fall under the ar-

Perhaps he has weeded his selection down to half-a-dozen men who are equal in all respects. They have about the same overseas control date, their time on their stations is about the same, and all things are just about equal. The monitor really sweats this one through to be sure he gets the right man."

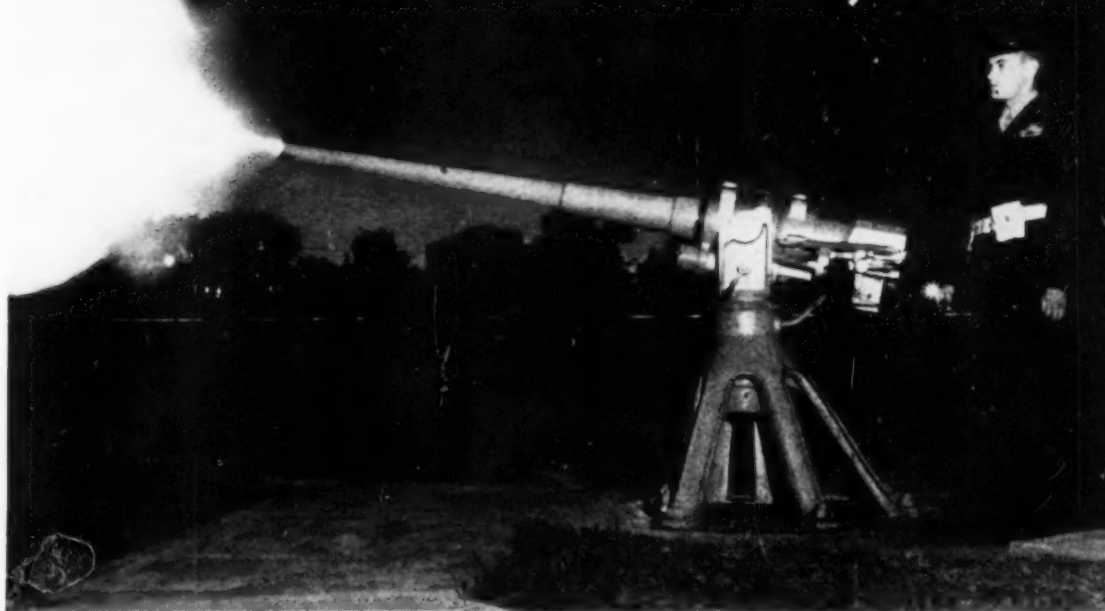
"How does he do it?" I asked.

"One of the ways is to drag out all the case files." (continued on page 71)

## POSTS OF THE CORPS

Security has been the Corps' primary mission  
at the Yard for more than a century and a half

# PORTSMOUTH, VA.



Since Sept., 1866, Marines at Portsmouth, Virginia, have signalled the hour of 2100

by firing a three-pounder. Its nightly roar assures 100,000 residents that all's well

**S**ECURITY AT THE Norfolk Naval Shipyard, Portsmouth, Virginia, has been the Marine Corps' responsibility since 1802, when First Lieutenant Josiah Reddick and a handful of Marines set up light housekeeping within the city limits. Gosport Navy Yard, as it was known in those days, needed someone to wet down fires, squash riots, collar petty thieves and prevent sabotage. The job specification hasn't changed in more than 150 years.

The first Yard at Portsmouth got off to a rollicking good start when the British raised their Union Jack over the premises. Then came the Revolution. The State of Virginia, always on the look-out for bargains in real estate, confiscated the Yard from the English and later sold it to Uncle Sam—at a handsome profit. The hottest time the Yard ever had was during the Civil

War when the Federal troops tried to burn the area in a desperate, but futile, attempt to keep it from falling into Confederate hands.

When the Navy took over Parris Island, S. C., and converted it into a disciplinary barracks, the Marine Corps Recruit Depot moved to Portsmouth. In October 1915, it was returned to P.I.

Portsmouth today is one of the world's largest and busiest shipyards. Civilian guards and Marine sentries are responsible for the security of the 75 gates which lead into the yards. They

keep an around-the-clock vigil, checking the identification passes of the thousands of workers who pass through the gates daily. In addition, they direct traffic and control the vast parking areas.

The man directly responsible for all security matters at the yard is Marine Security Officer, Captain Frederick L. Adams. A civilian Chief of Police and a force of 153 civilian guards operate under his immediate control.

Twice each month Capt. Adams and an eight-man crew hold a surprise shakedown inspection at the gates. Traffic is slowed as the extra Marine sentries methodically inspect the vehicles. Sometimes they stop every fifth car; at other times, the third or fourth may be searched. Trunk doors are opened, glove compartments checked, and hoods are lifted; they even peek under the seats. Employees never know

TURN PAGE

Story and photos  
by MSgt. Paul Sarokin  
Leatherneck Staff Writer





Personnel Sergeant Major Miles K. Arnett jots down notes during morning conference with CO, Col. Karl K. Louther (now at HQMC)

## PORTSMOUTH, VA. (cont.)

when their turn may be coming along.

If government property is discovered during a shakedown the offender is reported to the security officer, then to the master of the shop in which he works. His job is at stake.

In addition to the Marine sentries, Portsmouth also houses the Sea School Detachment. Its skipper, Captain Gene Robertson, has more than 12 years' experience behind him. His First Sergeant is trim-looking William A. Umlauf—veteran of more than 22 years in the Corps and a graduate of the Sea School himself.

"What we are tryin' to do," explains Umlauf, sharpening his needle-point mustache, "is to teach youngsters not to ask, 'Where's the window?' or say, 'It fell on the floor,' when they go aboard ship."

Actually, the four-week curriculum is a rugged orientation program which includes one week of firing the 3-inch 50s at nearby Dam Neck, Va. Classroom instruction covers all duties performed by Marines aboard ship, duties of orderlies, ships' organization, nomenclature of naval vessels, condition watches, emergency drills, identification of Navy ranks and insignia, weapons, ceremonies and naval bells.

Captain Robertson and First Sergeant Umlauf—who run the school as though it were a ship—make personnel assignments after the students are grad-



Sea School instructor, Staff Sergeant J. Serabian, prepares students for inspection by officer-in-charge of school, Capt. Gene Robertson

uated. When transfer orders arrive from Headquarters, Marine Corps, Capt. Robertson and MSgt. Umlauf try to assign the men to ships based nearest their homes. "We figure it's better for the men and for the Marine Corps," says Umlauf, "if we assign them where they can get home occasionally on week ends."

Umlauf's trademark, aside from his Prussian-like mustache, is a 1948 gleaming black Chrysler coupe. Needless to say, his car is *always* ship-

shape. Each night, without fail, it is hosed down and polished from stem to stern. As Umlauf explains, "Cars are a lot like ships. If you swab 'em down once in a while it's easy to keep 'em clean." Umlauf is careful, however, not to disturb the over-sized Marine emblems which are displayed fore and aft on his car. The large bumper strip which reads JOIN THE U. S. MARINES, gets special treatment, too.

Umlauf, who has a reputation for being fastidious and gung ho, is also well-known for the respect with which he regards Government property. He learned his lesson the hard way, and consequently, never forgot it.

"It was right here at Sea School," he recalls, "that I nearly got me a court-martial."

"I was layin' in my rack one day, lookin' at my wall locker when I spotted a tiny hole near the top of the locker. Right away I thought it would be a perfect place to stick a Marine emblem."

Next day the first sergeant sent for Private Umlauf; "Stand by for a court-

martial, lad, for destroying Government property."

"All that saved me was a little rust spot around the hole that proved it was old," Umlauf declares.

Nevertheless, he's still fond of Marine Corps emblems. He has one tattooed on his hand, and his men say there is one on his heart, too.

Master Sergeant Umlauf is a strict man when it comes to handling his troops. But his men can't go wrong if they read and heed two prominently



displayed messages. One is over Umlauf's door and it advises: "PLEASE KNOCK. THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN." The other sign, tacked next to a full-length mirror, admonishes everyone to: "LOOK SHARP—BE SHARP—ALWAYS."

No one at Portsmouth can recall seeing Umlauf's waxed mustache when it wasn't perfectly groomed. One of his NCOs however, *thinks* he saw it droop one time when Umlauf was taking a shower.

The guard detachment's senior men are Post Sergeant Major Frederick Bracken and Personnel Sergeant Major Miles K. Arnett. Both have more than 19 years experience and they keep the company administration running smoothly.

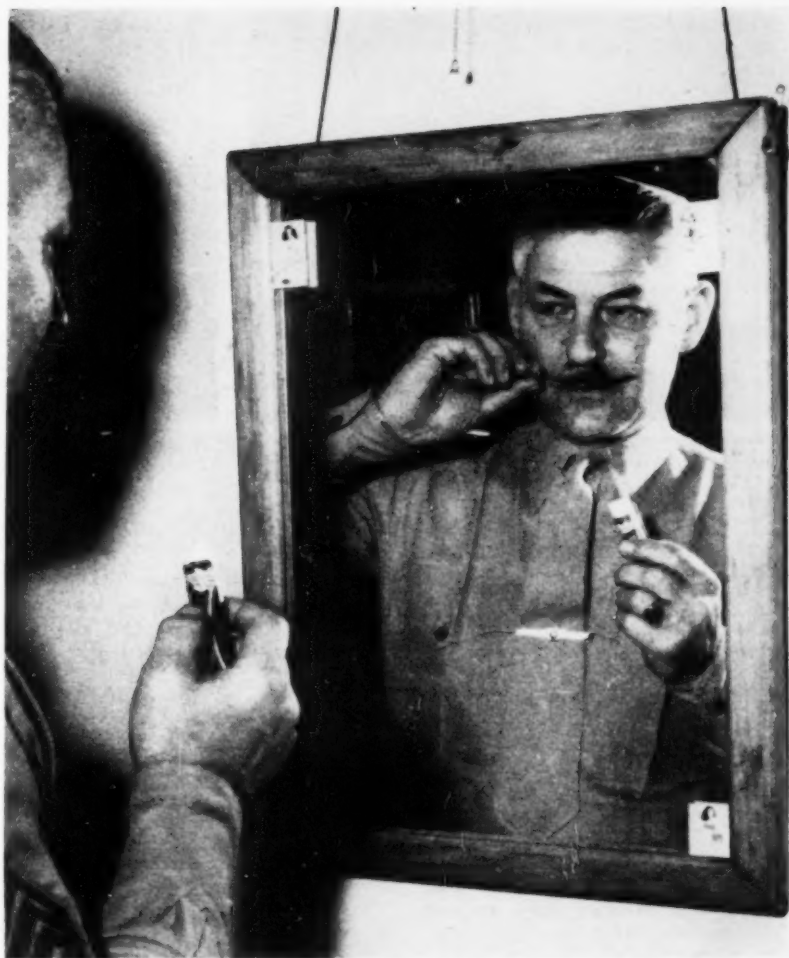
New men at Portsmouth like to take off on liberty to visit historic Virginia cities. A 10-cent boat ride gets them to Norfolk; if they want to shell out 15 cents more, they can take a car along. Jamestown, where the first permanent English settlers landed in 1607; Williamsburg, capital of Colonial Virginia; and Yorktown, where Lord Cornwallis threw in the towel to General Washington, are all within easy reach.

The liberty hounds who are more interested in making history than viewing it, can spend their week ends in Richmond, Va., Raleigh and Wilmington, N. C., Washington, D. C., or Virginia Beach.

Contrary to Marine SOP, most of the men stationed at Portsmouth admit that they like their duty at the Navy Yard. Some will even go so far as to say that the post is being run right—a rather startling admission, coming from a Pfc or corporal!

The favorite old-timer at Portsmouth is a civilian, Sam Carpenito—still the post cobbler after 33 years!

Sam has a lot of fond memories with respect to the Navy Yard, but his proudest moment came years ago when he was asked to half-sole some footgear for a couple of young captains. One of those junior officers is now the



Sea School First Sergeant "Wild Bill" Umlauf, puts last minute touch on his needle-sharp mustache. He's exacting, but well-liked by his men

Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.; the other is Brigadier General Lewis "Chesty" Puller.

While on a recent inspection tour, General Shepherd renewed acquaintances with Sam and later sent him an autographed picture which is now securely nailed to the wall of Sam's shop.

Since September 5, 1866, the Marine Detachment at Portsmouth has signalled the hour of 2100 by firing a blank round from a rustic three-pounder. The gun is usually covered with a canvas to protect it from the weather but every night, a few moments before nine, the cover is removed. The seconds are counted off and relayed from the guard house and precisely at 2100, the gun goes off. Its roar tells Portsmouth's 100,000 residents that all's well.

Although some returning Korea veterans—still mindful of recent incoming

artillery—do not share Portsmouth's enthusiasm for the tradition, it's a safe bet the 9:00 o'clock gun will still be fired at Portsmouth a hundred years from now.

The tradition is believed by some to have started during Civil War days when a curfew was clamped on the town. Others say it began as a warning to tavern owners to halt the sale of brew to Sailors and Marines before taps so they would be encouraged to return to their ships or barracks on time. Whatever its historic beginning, the citizens of Portsmouth rely heavily upon the sound of the 9:00 o'clock gun. As 2100 approaches, they unconsciously check their watches.

Once in 1907, Admiral E. D. Taussig, Commandant of the Yard, ordered the gun silenced so that a child living aboard would not be disturbed. When the gun failed to fire at the customary

TURN PAGE





Sea School students must learn duties performed by Marines aboard ship. School uniform is blues



Huge parade ground in front of Marine Barracks also serves as football field during winter months

## PORTSMOUTH, VA. (cont.)

time, the entire community of Portsmouth protested. Petitions were circulated and a committee, including some citizens of Norfolk, appeared before the Yard Commandant. They wanted the gun to sound off again, but the admiral refused to back down.

The matter was finally referred to Washington for action but it was not until Admiral Marshall later reported as Commandant that the 9:00 o'clock firing resumed.

One night several pranksters filled the muzzle of the old gun with golf balls. When the unsuspecting sentry fired the gun, golf balls bounced all over Ports-

mouth. Luckily, there was no damage other than a few broken windows in the Navy Officers' Quarters.

Next morning there was a new regulation on the books. Henceforth, the gun would be aimed toward the water tower instead of the officers' quarters.

There was another dark moment at Portsmouth once when the old gun failed to fire. Portsmouth citizens, long accustomed to bracing themselves for the 9:00 o'clock blast, almost toppled over when the familiar report failed to come. The silence was deafening. As a result, Marine guards spent most of the night answering telephones, explaining why the gun didn't fire.

Next day—same thing. Rather than face another barrage of phone calls, the commanding officer issued shotguns and blanks to two sentries and told them to stand by. At 9:00 o'clock, they fired simultaneously. The ruse worked, but some of the citizenry thought the old gun sounded a bit faint that evening.

Another night, about eleven, the telephone rang in the guard house. "When are you going to fire the gun?" an anxious mother asked.

"We fired it at 9 p.m., lady," the Sergeant of the Guard answered politely.

"Well—my Neal won't go to sleep until he hears the gun—and it's way past his bedtime."

The sentry tried to reason with the woman, but she was persistent.

"OK," said the Sergeant finally. "I'll fire it again for little Neal."

He unlocked the ammo locker, shoved a round into the gun and cut loose. Little Neal dozed off as half of Portsmouth leaped out of bed.

Old timers at Portsmouth say the Marine Barracks came out with a "new look" soon after Colonel Karl K. Lou-

ther took over in 1951. His successor, Colonel Samuel S. Ballantine, believes in running a well-equipped post, too. Between them, they've had the Marine Barracks completely manicured and dressed with paint. They've also seen to it that recreation facilities were repaired, or built, where needed. As a result, the men can bowl, play baseball, football, volleyball or basketball with gear in excellent condition. Duffers at Portsmouth are proud of their tricky nine-hole golf course, even though it runs through the parade ground. Their scores are usually low, but once in a while some golfer takes a licking when he's sand-trapped by a formal guard mount.

All-out war has been declared on waste at the Marine Barracks and First Lieutenant Gordon S. Murphy, Maintenance Officer, spearheads the attack. Over each light switch he has posted a reminder: "Please turn out the lights when not in use. The light bill is paid with your taxes. Be cost conscious!" Needless to say, the lights go off when they're not in use. Radiators are always closed when they're not needed and sentries making the rounds also check on leaky faucets. The maintenance crew is thrifty, too. Rather than submit a requisition to replace a worn-out item, they'll rebuild it if possible. When the baseball field needed a new backstop, one was manufactured solely from discarded boiler tubes, at no cost to Uncle Sam.

Like Norfolk, Portsmouth, Virginia, is predominantly a Navy town. If a Marine should forget this, he's promptly reminded by shoeshine boys who station themselves shoulder to shoulder along High Street and call out, "Shine yer shoes, Mate?"

Staff NCOs with a family have no beef about housing at Portsmouth.



Man with most time aboard is Sam Carpenito. He's been post cobbler for more than 30 years



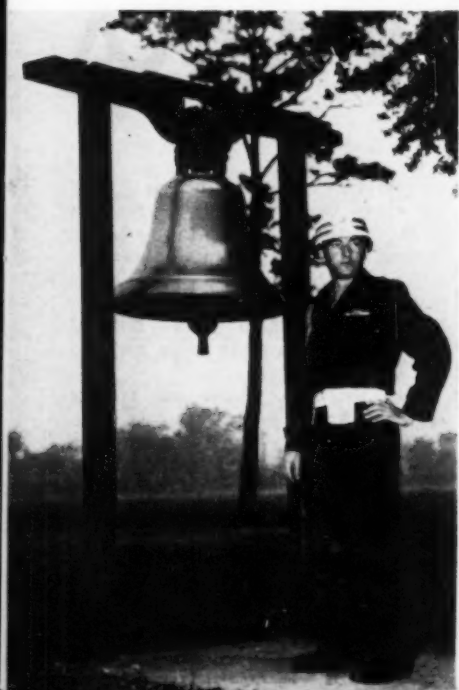
Civilian buses entering or leaving Navy Yard must be ok'd by Marine sentries



Gate Number Ten gets Navy Yard's busiest traffic. Marines keep round-the-clock vigilance



Newly redecorated enlisted men's club at Portsmouth, Va., has been named Little Tun Tavern. It's a popular after-hours retreat on post



They can get quarters within 30 days at one of the two government housing developments.

Portsmouth, as a post, is relatively small; 200 Marines handle all of its activities which include operating the Sea School, manning the guard and providing security for the Naval Ammunition Depot at St. Julien's Creek. Because the post is so small, each Marine knows practically every other man by his first name. It's evident, too, that Col. Ballantine and his executive officer, Lieutenant Colonel John D. Bradbury, command a vast amount of respect. As one sergeant put it, "You can't help but like your CO and exec if they treat you right."

Another morale booster at Portsmouth is the comfortable, newly-built enlisted men's club which features a 55-foot bar. Twenty-one thirsty customers can line the mahogany at once and 130 more can sit at nearby tables and get their requisitions filled.

Picking a name for the club created a momentary problem, but CWO L. T. Holtman, Marine Corps Exchange Officer, solved it by suggesting a contest. The winning entry was MSgt. Umlauf's—"Little Tun Tavern." Book matches, dispensed with cigarettes at the club, bear the motto: "Little Tun Tavern . . . Best in the Corps."

To the Marines at Portsmouth, it's more than a slogan.

**END**

◀ Sentry stands by, awaiting the time signal before striking the bell. This sea-faring system of telling the time is traditional in the Corps





# AKAS

## - No Strangers

**S**OMETIMES DURING the early stages of an amphibious landing operation the Navy hears a familiar question. The confused individual is a Marine; the question is a natural.

"How come I draw an attack cargo ship? . . . Somebody at headquarters got me assigned to the wrong kinda ship . . . Somebody at headquarters got their APs and AKs mixed up. . . ."

Usually a Marine envisions himself being transported to the scene of operations by an attack transport, the APA (amphibious, personnel, attack), but from the earliest World War II landings, attack cargo ships or AKAs (amphibious, cargo, attack) have been

carrying troops along with their cargo. Ship for ship, the Navy's 25 active duty AKAs spend about one-third of their operating time with from 80 to 140 Marines aboard.

Fact is the troop-carrying detail takes a lead position in the number one official mission of an AKA. And a salty mission it is: *to combat load, and transport assigned cargo, troops and equipment to the theater of operations and to land the embarked cargo, troops and equipment in landing craft on enemy beaches. . . .*

Troops assigned to an AKA for an amphibious landing play a supporting role to the first assault waves. Here the drivers and assistant drivers of the

various type vehicles are seen charging about the beaches close upon the heels of the infantry and artillery landing waves. Included in these vehicles are the 2½-ton 6-by-6 cargo truck and trailer combinations, 2½-ton dump trucks, radio jeeps, hospital jeeps, general purposes jeeps and ¾-ton hospital trucks.

Like the ship, trucks and trailers are also combat loaded. In this manner they are ready to swing into action as soon as the AKA's landing craft deposit them on the beaches. These vehicles hold a number one priority among the items to be sent shoreward and are stowed near the top of the ship's cargo holds. Shortly after the





*Official USN Photo*

Heavily laden with Marines and war materials an AKA steams from the West Coast bound for Korean waters

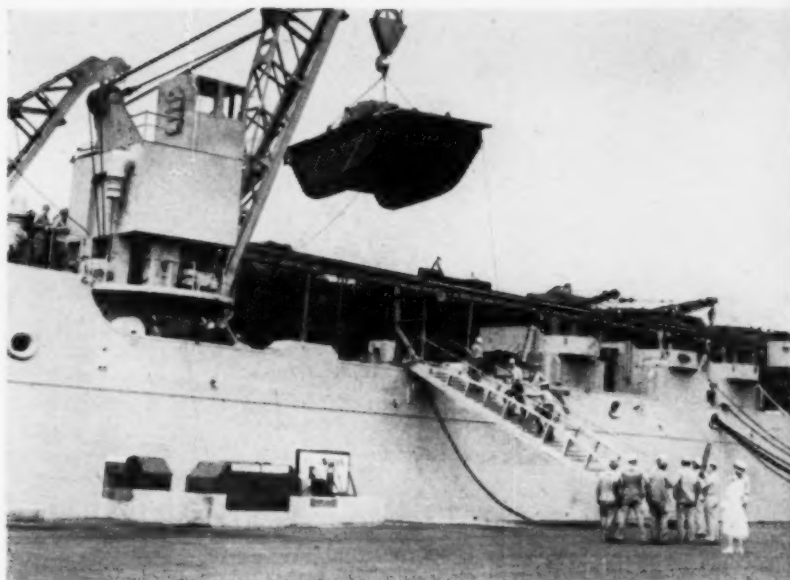
by William J. Miller,  
QMC, USN

hatch covers are removed the ship's 30-ton "jumbos" (heavy cargo booms) swing out over the holds, drop their hooks and lower the vehicles over the side and into landing craft waiting alongside. After the truck and trailer are safe aboard—and it's a close fit—the landing craft nudges up to the slung cargo net to take aboard the drivers who are scrambling down the ship's side. The main items carried

**TURN PAGE**

*Official USN Photo*

Three members of a Marine working party load 105-mm. howitzer ammo on an AKA bound for the Korea area



*Official USN Photo*

Big boom swings a tank aboard an AKA. Combat loading of these ships plays an important part in any amphibious landing





Official USN Photo

AKAs were among the more than 200 ships that rendezvoused in Wonsan Harbor, Korea to land

two divisions of American troops during an attack against the North Korean and Chinese Communists

## AKAs (cont.)

by the trucks and trailers are ammunition, food and water.

After the drivers have left the ship—and this takes care of from 80 to 100 of the 140 enlisted Marines usually assigned to an AKA for an amphibious landing—a new group comes aboard.

This contingent is made up of about 100 service troops who have come over in a landing craft from a nearby attack transport. Under the direction of other service personnel who have remained aboard the AKA, and are now ready to act as cargo checkers, the new group begins to unload the remainder of the cargo. Largest single item: C rations.

This task usually takes from 72 to 96 hours. For the greater part, it consists of loading the cargo into nets which are then swung over to the ship's LCMs and LCVs waiting alongside. Their job is finished when the holds have been cleared out—and such low priority cargo as shower units, welding units and movie projectors have been sent shoreward.

This working party or "ship's platoon" is divided into five teams, one for each hold. Each team is subdivided into three eight-hour shifts. The party remains aboard until the unloading is completed; its departure leaves only the cargo checkers who were the first to board the ship, and

will be the last to leave. They do so after the numerous and mysterious odds and ends so common to supply functions have been wrapped up. This has been a *combat cargo operation*.

The second major form of an AKA's operation is the *general cargo operation*, sometimes called a "straight haul job." Chief characteristic of this operation is the fact that it starts at a seaport and ends peacefully at another seaport rather than at an enemy beach.

The USS *Alshain* (AKA 55) and USS *Thuban* (AKA 19) recently engaged in a typical general cargo operation. Along with a pair of jeep carriers and an attack transport these two Atlantic Fleet ships sea-lifted the men, planes and equipment of Marine Air Group 11 from Norfolk, Va., to Yokohama, Japan. It was a pierside-to-pierside haul. Each AKA carried 140 enlisted Marines and officers in addition to some 4000 tons of air base equipment.

For the Marines a key factor in the easy transition from shore life to shipboard life is the presence of the ship's *combat cargo officer*. He is a permanent member of the ship's officer complement and may be a warrant officer, a captain, a 2nd or a 1st lieutenant. Liaison is the primary job of

this officer. Specifically, he is the ship's liaison officer for coordination of matters concerning troops, cargo and the ship. Loading and unloading, too, are his major responsibilities.

He's off to an early start in the planning stages of an operation; he leaves the ship at the Navy base and reports to the headquarters of the unit to be sea-lifted. There, in conference with a regimental embarkation officer, he ascertains the priority of equipment and personnel to go aboard his ship—as determined by the troop commander. The combat cargo officer and the regi-

Official USN Photo  
Gun practice aboard an AKA keeps Marines in top shape



mental embarkation officer then draw up loading plans for the approval of the troop commander and the ship's captain.

Later, during the actual operation, he supervises the loading and unloading of the cargo. Low priority cargo must be loaded into the holds first and high priority last, for during the unloading the high priority material must be accessible without moving other cargo.

The number one Marine officer on board during an operation, however, is the *commanding officer of troops* or "troop officer." In most cases this man is the senior line officer on board. He is in command of the embarked troops even though different units may be represented. Discipline, welfare and the daily routine of the troops are his responsibility. In addition, he is charged with the enforcement of the ship's regulations concerning troops.

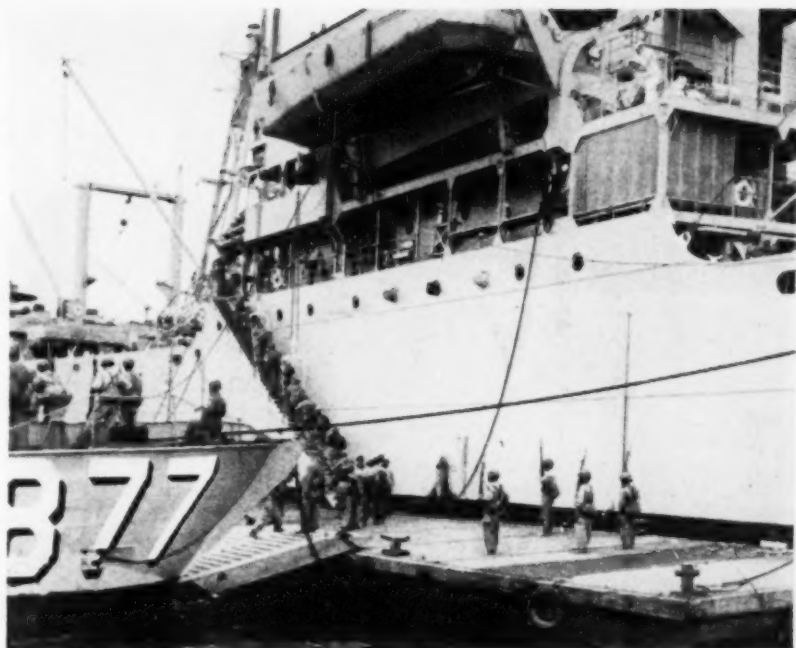
What are these regulations? Some of them were drawn up to provide consideration for others who live aboard; some were drawn up to save men from losing their own lives; others, to prevent them from taking the lives of others.

Here are some typical regulations. No smoking in bunks. No tampering with ship's valves, levers or switches. No leaning against the life lines. No pets aboard. No reading material in the washrooms.

One general class of regulation restricts certain areas of the ships to the troops. By far and away, the most encompassing of these off-limits areas are "all spaces above the main deck" and "all engineering spaces."

Curiosity is natural and sometimes a man becomes curious about different parts of the ship after a few days aboard. He wants to see what makes it run. Here is a tip from one who has shown upwards of 50 Marines in various grades the set-up of the navigation bridge and the signal bridge—the bailiwick of a Navy quartermaster. If you're curious, ask the sailors which petty officer has a hand in running the part of the ship or type of equipment which interests you. In most cases the petty officer will be pleased to show you around.

A boatswain's mate can give you the run-down on the two main types of landing craft carried, on the anchor gear and deck rigging. A machinist's mate or water tender could take you on a tour of the engine room or fire room. The gunnery department always seems to attract the interest of Marines. Have a gunner's mate check you out on the ship's single 5-inch, 38-caliber dual purpose mount, one of the 10 twin 20 millimeter mounts or four twin 40 millimeter mounts.



Official USN Photo

Communist prisoners of war board an AKA at Koje Do, Korea for transportation to Freedom Village as part of "Operation Big Switch"

These are some of the possibilities. Radarmen, radiomen, hospital corpsmen, cooks and bakers, yeomen, storekeepers, pipe fitters, carpenters, electricians — petty officers of all these ratings have given and will continue to give explanations of their sections of the ship and of their duties to a temporary shipmate in greens. A member of the troops, of course, is "safe" in an area, otherwise off limits, if accompanied by a member of the ship's company whose daily duties are carried out in that section.

The foregoing information on off-limits areas may give the impression that the troops are confined to a very small area—that they are hedged in so closely that they stand on one another's toes. As a matter of fact, an AKA is a comparatively roomy ship and the most spacious single section is on limits. This is the main deck area. It provides many square feet for loitering, sleeping, reading, card-playing and walking. About one quarter of this area has a "ceiling" from four to eight feet overhead. This is formed by the bottoms of the ship's boats which are cradled atop the raised hatches and extend out over the deck.

Built pretty much to one design, the Navy's AKAs are of the "C-2" persuasion and take their names from stars and counties. In length they measure 459 feet; in maximum beam, 63 feet. Their normal light displacement is 7300 tons, but at full load they check

in at 13,900 tons. Some 4000 dead-weight tons of the latter tonnage is the cargo itself. An AKA's steam turbine engines develop 6000 horsepower to drive it at a 16-knot (plus) maximum speed. Its normal landing craft allowance is 14 LCVPs and 8 LCMs.

It is a safe bet that one of these three questions will be the first asked by a man coming aboard for the first time: "Where do I stow this gear? Where do I sleep? Where (and when) do we eat?" Only to the first question is there one answer that will apply in all cases. "Stow it in your berthing area."

As to the other questions, especially the one about where to sleep, the answer is that troops are fairly well scattered throughout the ship. In general they pair off with the ship's company members — officer-to-officer and enlisted-to-enlisted—both for berthing and eating facilities.

A typical over-all eating and berthing arrangement would be as follows. Commissioned and warrant officers berth in the roomy quarters of the ship's officers' country, one and two decks above the main deck. And seated by seniority with the ship's officers, they take their meals in the wardroom. Master sergeants berth in the chief petty officer's "bunkroom," located in the superstructure area of the main deck. They eat with the chiefs in an adjacent mess compartment. Technical and staff sergeants berth in a (continued on page 68)



# JUMP-OFF

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**I**N THE GRAY LIGHT of early morning, Drum sat alone poking a spoon into a can of cold rations while his mind silently surveyed the 1st Platoon's present situation. The picture was simple. During the night, the 1st Platoon had moved up and relieved the 3rd, a tired band of men who had beaten off repeated counterattacks as the enemy battled savagely to stall the Marines' attack. But last night had passed without incident for the 1st; not a shot had been fired.

Drum's skull practice was interrupted by The Kid from Price's squad. The Kid was a replacement, but had quickly mastered the knack of squatting on his haunches in Oriental fashion. He dropped down beside the platoon sergeant.

"Sergeant Drum, you been in the Marines a long time," he said in a whispered voice, confining his remark to Drum alone. "What's the best way to learn maneuvers? You know, tactics?"

Drum looked at The Kid. Not another question, he thought! The youngster had joined the outfit only eight days ago and since that time had hounded Drum unceasingly. This eager probing for the straight scoop was a good sign but there was a breaking point. The platoon sergeant, a man of swift and direct action, was also a monument of patience. He shoveled the unheated stew into his mouth and chewed both chow and question thoughtfully.

"Hard to say," Drum began after a moment's reflection. "Some of it you get from books, some you learn from experience. Listening to sea stories might teach you a trick or two. There are a few basic principles that you can use as a guide. Like fighting two up and one back. That's a formation that's been combat-tested lots of times. It's good and it's basic.

"Another 'rule of thumb' that's been proved is attacking the enemy on his flank. An exposed flank is usually the

weakest point in the line. Then again, what you do can depend entirely on the situation and the terrain. Military strategists still study Napoleon's tactics, but you can't always apply someone else's solution of a previous problem to whatever might be facing you. There's no fixed rule for fighting a war. You gotta keep your mind and your actions flexible and make sure you don't go stale.

"Anyway, you'll probably get a practical demonstration in tactics when Lieutenant Sweeney gets back from Battalion."

Drum's last remark shook The Kid and made him start thinking.

It wasn't long before platoon leader Second Lieutenant Sweeney climbed the draw from the direction of the battalion command post. The almost imperceptible grin on his face meant traveling orders.

"Let's have a conference, Drum." The lieutenant's smile widened as the sergeant came forward to greet him.

"Aye, aye, sir!" Drum never answered an order any other way. The word was passed for the three squad leaders to assemble on the double.

When they arrived, Sweeney tipped back his helmet and began:

"They've dropped the ball. We're going to recover their fumble and play offense again. Enemy supply lines have been catching hell from our air support and Intelligence reports that hardly anything has reached their front lines. As you know, they've thrown plenty at this section, trying to slow down the attack. They've been exhausting their ammo and not getting any replenishments, not to mention their casualties. They're weak. We hit 'em now!"

Sweeney glanced at his men quickly before continuing. "Regimental S-2 has figured enemy casualties have been the heaviest along our particular part of the front . . ."

"What about those jokers sitting on that hunk of high ground directly to

our front?" asked buck Sergeant Price, 1st Squad.

"I'd say it's an indication S-2 is correct in their calculations. It's the only outpost the enemy has established anywhere along the line. Get beyond it and we can punch a hole in their line big enough to parade through."

"Then that strong point is our objective for this morning?" Drum asked.

"Right," the lieutenant nodded. "We get to kick off again."

The job of leading the way was not new to the 1st Platoon. They had performed the tricky task half a dozen times before and each additional engagement swelled their pride. Sweeney's men were master craftsmen in their trade and, because of this, usually emerged from an attack in good shape.

"Here's the plan of attack," Sweeney said, unfolding a piece of paper that turned out to be a roughly sketched map. "This is the ridge where we're dug in. Price, deploy your squad all along the present platoon positions. Your mission will be to lay down supporting fire."

"Take a look at the map, men. Notice how the backbone of the ridge tapers out on our right flank? There's a patch of scrub trees at the bottom of this spur, near here where the hill curves out toward their lines." An index finger traced the hill on paper. "The assaulting units, which'll be the 2nd and 3rd squads, will assemble in the area this side of the trees. Probably be best to pull straight back off the line we're on now and double around to the line of departure."

"To coordinate the end of the supporting fire and the start of our attack, we'll synchronize watches. I'd like to toss a smoke grenade for a signal, but it could conceivably lessen the effect of our surprise party."

"Now, the timetable. Instead of jumping off at 0800, we'll make it earlier. There's no monopoly on wrist watches and the enemy can tell time too. Start too (continued on page 79)

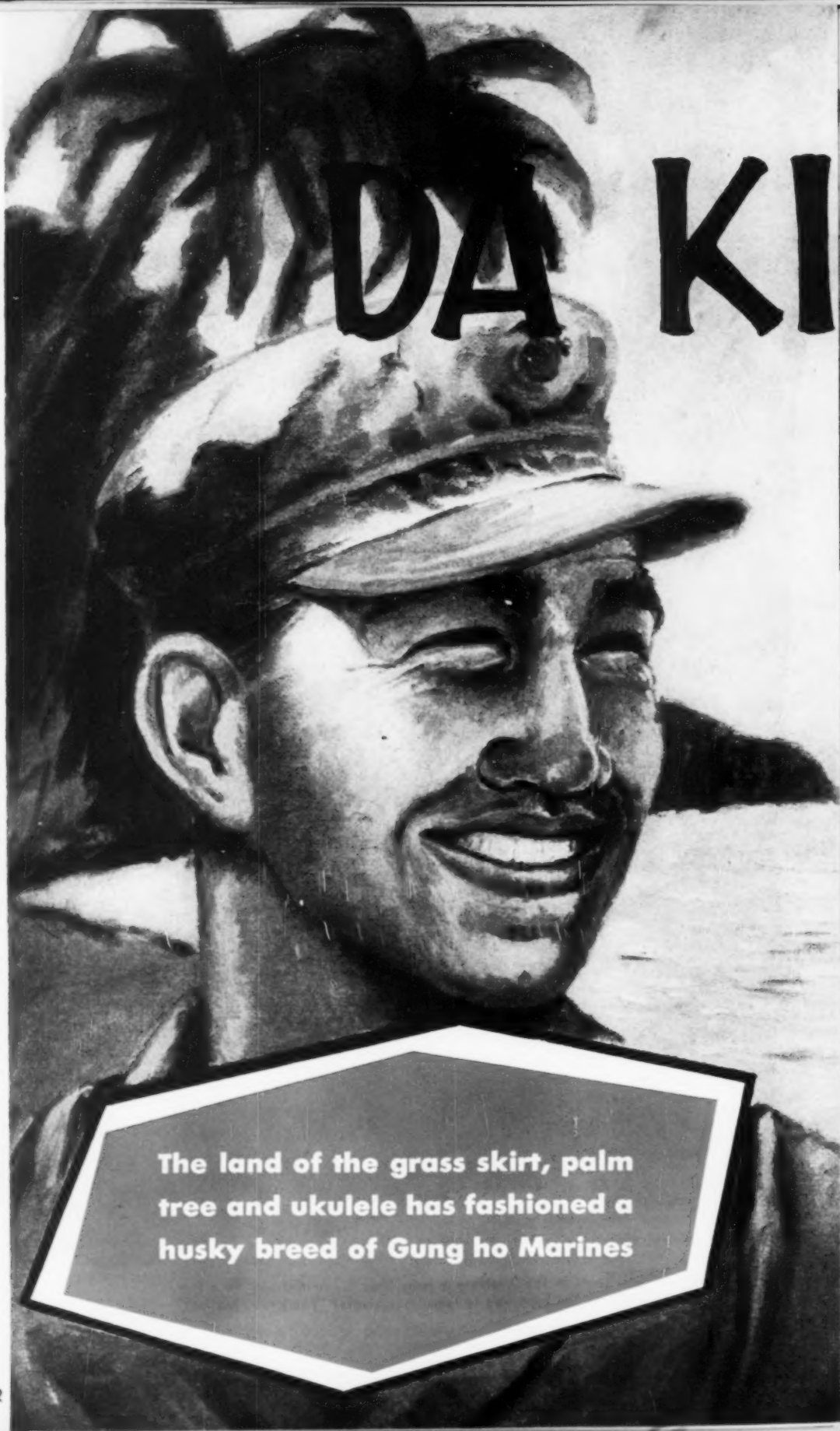




"Sergeant Drum, you been in the Marines a long time," The Kid said in a low, whispered voice. "What's the best way to learn maneuvers? You know, tactics?"



# DA KI



The land of the grass skirt, palm tree and ukulele has fashioned a husky breed of Gung ho Marines

by TSgt. Jack Harmon, USMC

# ND MARINES



Photo by SSgt. Stan Moore

Colonel Custis Burton, Jr., CO of Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, administered the enlistment oath to the 185-man "All Hawaii Company"

**I**F THERE'S A Marine on duty with you who sings the melancholy "Aloha Oe" in pensive sack time moments, or packs a ukulele as part of his 782 gear, and his name sounds like Kaaanapu, Maunalei or Kaninau, he is probably of a new strain of Marines: "Da Kind."

The "Da Kind" Marines come from the Territory of Hawaii. In the past year, most of them came into the Corps either through the first "All-Hawaii Platoon" of recruits in 1952 or the first "All-Hawaii Company" of boots in 1953.

Enlistment-wise in the Corps, it appears the island men are as eager to match or surpass the best "All-Something-or-Other" platoons that are the boast of any of the 48 states. Their "platoon" in 1952 numbered 112 men and most of them were high school graduates. Their "company" in 1953—185 strong—was comprised wholly of high school graduates.

"Da Kind," in the Territory of surf, palm trees and grass skirts, means "the best there is; the tops."

One day a young islander headed into the Honolulu Armed Forces recruit-

**TURN PAGE**







Photo by SSgt. Stan Moore

Hawaii's Governor, Samuel W. King, addressed the new recruits before they left for the mainland



Photo by SSgt. Stan Moore

Pig roasts are strange sights to the average Marine but to the Da Kind Marines they are routine events

## DA KIND MARINES (cont.)

ing building and was met by Corporal Joseph J. Loo. Loo, from Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, is a native Honolulu on temporary additional duty with the recruiters.

"Hey! You!" called Loo. "Where you go?"

"I go join up," replied the startled lad.

"Why you no join Marines?" asked Loo in pidgin English. "Come in. It's da kind!" And as easily as that, the Marines had another recruit.

Loo was only kidding good-naturedly with the young eligible. Evidently, though, the lad had not definitely decided which service he would join. "Da Kind" sold him on the Marines.

Loo can and does speak good English when conversing with *haoles* (how-lees), or Caucasians. He turns his pidgin on or off whenever he needs it. His brothers, Herbert and Walter, sound like English professors. When Loo is

talking to young islanders still in civvies, his pidgin is more easily understood. Flawless English probably would send island prospects scurrying. But don't let their pidgin English fool you. Scholastically, islanders have been known to make top grades in mainland colleges and often stand head and shoulders over *haole* classmates in application to studies.

Influx of "Da Kind" Marines into the Corps has been phenomenal. The incoming traffic has smashed all recruiting gauges since the office opened in June, 1951.

Successful recruitment of two large units for the regular Marine Corps, a year apart, was amazing, even to those who did the spade work. In 1952, trying for a platoon of 85 men, recruiters were forced to stop at a top of 112 men; otherwise, quotas for recruiting offices in the 12th district area to which Honolulu looks for quotas would have been seriously affected. This year they set their goal at a company of 150 men.

What did they come up with?

A total of 185.

For Captain L. V. Corbett and his hard-working recruiting office crew, overflowing "All-Hawaii" units two years running was quite an accomplishment. Honolulu recruiters operate with a total staff of seven men, about two-thirds less than the average mainland station complements. Four of the seven recruiters are in the Honolulu office. One each of the remaining three are on the neighboring islands of Maui, Hawaii and Kauai.

An interesting facet of the islanders' enthusiasm for "All-Hawaii" recruit units is that they get generous numbers of recruits in the interim. The units themselves and the interim enlistments are two factors which achieve for Honolulu 152 per cent of their annual

quota of men for the Marine Corps.

Average Hawaiians lead colorful lives; they sing; they dance; they mix well and particularly enjoy community or group projects. Their cooperative spirit probably accounts for enthusiastic response to the "buddy system" recruiting employed by Marines—going through boot camp with a friend. This year the company was composed of three platoons, one each from the islands of Hawaii, Maui, and Oahu.

Naming platoons for the island is important. The islanders are as proud of their home islands as mainlanders are of their counties or their hometowns. Islanders' pride for their Territory rivals that of any Texan for his home state.

To add to recruitment color and ensure strong esprit de corps of the "All Hawaii Company" this year, each platoon was given a flag bearing colors and symbols of the islands represented, and the company was presented with Territorial colors.

The "All Hawaii Company" was in fair shape for a recruit outfit when it was finally and overtly sworn in. The ceremony took place in the open under bright Hawaiian skies before the main entrance steps to Iolani Palace. The oath of enlistment was given by Colonel Custis Burton, Jr., commander of Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor. The tyros knew their left from their right before they even hit boot camp. They had been schooled on the history of the Marine Corps and instilled with the distinction that would accompany their entrance into the San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Depot. Many dignitaries had impressed upon them at the mass swearing-in that the Territory expected them to come out of boot with honors.

Last year's platoon barely missed taking graduation honors. This year they had friendly competition between







*Photo by SSgt. Stan Moore*  
Hawaiian WMs, Sgt. Marjorie Kalama and Corp. Dolores A. Naylor, say goodbye to Pvt. Harry Kon



*Photo by SSgt. Stan Moore*  
Pvt. Robert Jones receives a garland of flowers from a pretty Hawaiian girl after the enlistment proceedings were concluded



*Official USMC Photo*  
Boot camp's rigid training schedule didn't interfere with some typical Hawaiian music for the benefit of the drill instructors



*Official USMC Photo*  
San Diego's DIs welcomed the boots. For many it was first mainland visit

platoons. Captain Corbett looked upon this as a great advantage. He said confidently, "I wouldn't be surprised if they come out one, two, three."

Lieutenant Colonel Melvin D. Henderson, commander of the first battalion landing team of Marines to be trained on Windward Oahu at the Kaneohe Marine Corps Air Station, commented, "Island boys make outstanding Marines. I'll take all you can give me for service anywhere."

And that's the "DA KIND" Marine. Always eager to do a little more than expected.

**END**

# LOST YOUR SEA BAG?



by MSgt. Steven Marcus  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
Author and MSgt. H. B. Wells

**T**HIS IS THE PLACE—the Supply Depot at Camp Pendleton, California. My partners and I are working out of the Personal Effects and Baggage Center. The boss is Captain Nicholas A. Meyrovich. My name is Taylor. We're looking for owners of lost seabags."

If Master Sergeant John R. Taylor, NCO-in-Charge of the Personal Effects and Baggage Center at Camp Pendleton announced the activities of this 75-man unit it might sound like Jack Webb's Dragnet. Since the beginning of the Korean War, the unit has received more than 160,000 lots of personal effects. Mountains of paper-work and countless personnel searches have resulted in the return of more than 90 percent of these effects to their rightful owners and next of kin. And a steady stream of correspondence is daily cutting that remaining 10 percent down to a smaller figure.

If you came back from Korea without a seabag, lost track of your gear while hospitalized in the Far East, or even misplaced a suitcase in Tent Camp Two, chances are that one of the two Marine Corps Personal Effects and Baggage Centers can help you—IF you give them the dope they need.

If your gear was lost within the continental limits of the U.S., contact the organization you just left. If nothing turns up, get in touch with your new organization, and if the gear had been shipped commercially, start a tracer working through the commercial

carrier. If all this activity draws a blank, then it's time to put the Marine Corps on the job.

The two Marine Corps Personal Effects and Baggage Centers are located at Camp Pendleton and Camp Lejeune. Each has its own realm and geographical area of responsibility, and a letter to the wrong center will delay the works. The Camp Pendleton unit is primarily concerned with baggage and personal effects of Marines throughout the Pacific, but searches for baggage and gear lost west of the Mississippi within the continental limits will also be handled by the Pendleton Center. Baggage and effects from states east of the Mississippi, and overseas in the European and Mediterranean areas, are the responsibility of the Lejeune Center.

Letters and inquiries to either Center should be addressed to: Commanding Officer, Personal Effects and Baggage Center, Marine Corps Supply Depot, Camp Pendleton, California, or Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. For rapid results each inquiry should include the following information: Name, rank, serial number, organization attached to when gear was lost, and in the case of Korea vets, date and place gear was last seen. A complete description of the container should be included, giving unit, markings, inscriptions, and unusual drawings. It could be that a bag or other gear will be more easily located because a life-like drawing of Marilyn Monroe or Esquire-type

artwork proved more of an eye-catcher than a regulation stenciled name and serial number. If it's a suitcase or locker trunk that's on the missing gear list, include the former owner's name if it was still on the article, and the boot camp platoon number you so painstakingly inscribed with your tent-mate's 20-dollar fountain pen.

If you're tenacious and are still looking for a piece of baggage lost during World War II, then it's time to throw in the towel. In 1949, the 81st Congress passed a law providing for the sale of all unclaimed articles. Prior to the sale, a final registered letter was sent to the last known address of the owner of each piece of baggage, informing him of the new law and the time and place of the sale. In 1952, the Marine Corps Personal Baggage Center at San Diego was de-activated, and with it, went the last of the World War II unclaimed baggage. *Mail now addressed to the San Diego Baggage Center is returned to the sender unopened.* The Personal Effects and Baggage Centers at Camp Pendleton and Camp Lejeune are the only Marine Corps Centers in operation today. Inquiries concerning Marine Corps effects and baggage sent to the Naval Baggage Center at Clearfield, Utah, will be forwarded to the Center at Camp Pendleton, since Clearfield handles only Navy gear.

In addition to receiving effects of men killed in action, missing, wounded, and evacuated, the Pendleton Center

handles baggage of every category. Men who may have missed their seabags while returning on rotation, personnel transferred on short notice and emergency leaves, all have a good chance of locating their gear at the Camp Pendleton Center.

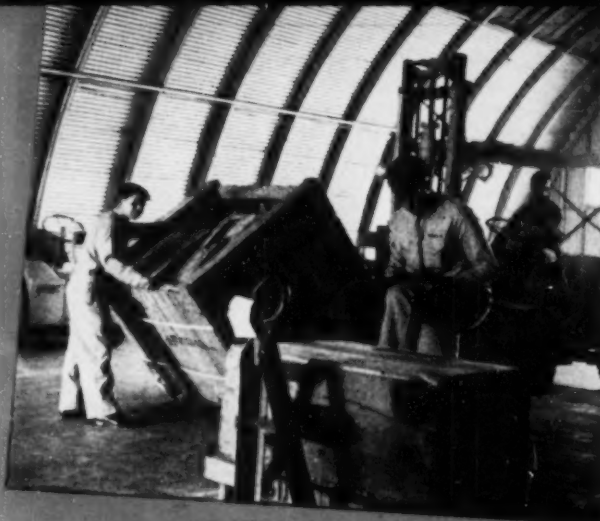
In the Far East, baggage centers at Ascom City, Kobe, Yokosuka and a sprinkling of other key spots, collect and store seabags, trunks and lockers for troops moving into forward areas. As men are listed for rotation, or casualty reports sent to the rear area or Japan-based baggage storage centers, bags and personal effects are pulled from bins and readied for movement. In the case of rotatees, bags are held until the men go through the Center, pick up their gear, and climb aboard the ship for the journey back to the States. Baggage of men who are casualties, missing in action or previously evacuated, is placed aboard the first available transportation for return to the Camp Pendleton Center. A small percentage of baggage is sometimes erroneously sent to Lejeune, Clearfield, and even Quantico. But this stray property is reshipped to Camp Pendleton which processes *all* baggage and effects from the Pacific area.

A minimum of two lots of baggage is received by the Center for each man who has become a casualty or been evacuated from Korea. The seabag which has been stored in the rear area is forwarded to the hospital where the man is being treated. In many instances, the patient is already Stateside-bound, so the bag is then shipped to Camp Pendleton. A second parcel of gear which normally is collected in the platoon or battalion area, is also forwarded to the Pendleton Center where it is consolidated with the rest of the man's baggage.

From the time a parcel or bag arrives at the Center until it is shipped to the rightful owner, top safeguard measures are maintained over it. Handling and storage warehouses for the gear are restricted and out of bounds to unauthorized personnel. Warehouses are locked at night and even during the noon hour, and valuables are placed in the safe or in a special metal security cage. When gear first arrives at the Center, it is carefully unloaded, checked against advanced bills of lading, and then hand-trucked to the inventory section. Each lot, whether it's a one-pound package or a 200-

TURN PAGE

Inventory tables facilitate sorting of clothing. Sgt. V. K. Mosely calls off lists as Pfc L. D. Stautenburg types



Cases and crates arriving at Pendleton's huge Baggage Center are double-checked against their bills of lading



First step in cataloguing contents of seabags is snapping lock. Inventory Officer, F. X. O'Neill witnesses opening







Personal effects are wrapped and catalogued by Sgt. Dorothy J. Maschman. Note security cage



MSgt. J. R. Taylor, in charge of correspondence section, checks papers with crew of civilians on staff

### LOST YOUR SEABAG? (cont.)

pound locker trunk, receives the same careful treatment. A folder is made up for each man, and two cards are filed on each lot unloaded at the receiving warehouse. With these records the Center accomplishes its two major missions: the location of baggage for personnel who have written in, and the location of personnel to match the baggage in the warehouses.

All activity at the inventory section is personally supervised by Second Lieutenant Felix X. O'Neill, the Inventory Officer. Seabag locks are cut, and contents spread out on special inventory tables which are divided into a series of compartments to facilitate the counting and checking process. The inventories are rapid and foolproof. As one man counts the items of clothing and gear, he calls the count to an inventory clerk who types three copies of the inventory list. The clothing is then placed in a special, heavily lined carton, a copy of the inventory enclosed, the carton weighed, banded, marked, and sent to the locator section for the next step of the return route to its owner.

Members of the inventory section are beyond surprise. Seabags upended on the inventory tables have disclosed what Technical Sergeant Romeo A. Comeau, NCO-in-Charge of the section, describes as "you name it—we've had it." Out of the seabags have come war clubs, loaded burp guns, carbines, sub-machine guns, encyclopedias, hand grenades and land mines. Many of the bags contain food of all kinds, and one seabag—the property of a far-

sighted corporal—contained enough canned food to carry a small unit through a prolonged campaign. Items of government and organizational property are removed from the bags and carefully noted in the inventory sheets. This inventory sheet can later serve as a receipt for a man who had been charged with field glasses, weapons, compasses or other costly equipment. Organizational property, such as blankets, cold weather clothing and 782 equipment, are noted on the inventory sheets, and then sent to the Supply Depot Reclamation and Salvage Section. During the past year, more than \$21,000 worth of property has been salvaged and returned to Marine Corps use.

Live ammunition, privately-owned firearms and alcoholic beverages, which by law require special handling, are removed from the bags and placed under lock and key pending word from the owners as to its disposition. Some of the queries from the Center concerning the disposal of liquor have

brought replies of "drink it yourself," "have one on me," or "give it to the boys," but such action is impossible. When a goodly supply of this liquor has been collected in the safe, Supply Depot officers carry it out, break the bottles, and pour the contents into the thirsty, unappreciative barren boondocks. When informed that a small supply of liquor was being held for him at the Center, a Pendleton-stationed Marine came around to inform Capt. Meyrovich that he was on the wagon and didn't want the stuff. But after looking at the collection of bottled-in-bond arrayed on the table before him, the sergeant carefully gathered it up and started out with a grin, explaining that "I've been on the wagon for three months, but this is too much to pass up."

When the banded cartons of gear arrive at the locator section, they are placed on one of the warehouse shelves, and the location marked on a card which is placed in the locator files. Now, MSgt. Taylor and his correspondence crews go to work. In the cases







Col. J. Clark, CO of Supply Depot checks load of effects and baggage

of men who have been wounded, evacuated or rotated, a letter is sent to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, requesting the duty station or location of the man. As soon as a reply comes back from Washington, a letter is written to the man, asking where he wants his gear sent, at government expense. His reply sends one more piece of baggage on its way.

Baggage belonging to men who have been killed or missing in action is forwarded to the next of kin listed in the casualty report. Any money found in the seabags or on the person of the deceased, is exchanged for a government check of a like amount, and is forwarded to the next of kin, along with jewelry, personal papers and other valuables.

Even the serious—and sometimes grim—business of handling other people's belongings produces moments of comical relief. Several months ago, the Baggage Center located a Marine they had been tracing for many weeks, from hospital to hospital, and finally



Seabags forwarded from Camp Pendleton, Calif., are re-inventoried and re-packed when they arrive at Camp Lejeune's Baggage Center

to a new duty station. They wrote, telling him that his gear had been forwarded, and several dollars which had been found in his seabag were being forwarded in the form of a government check under separate cover. Two weeks later, they received a letter from the man telling them that he had received the box of gear, had searched through every cover, but no check could he find. Would they please forward the separate cover which contained the check?

The thousands of lots of baggage now gathering dust on the shelves of the

Pendleton Baggage Center belong to Marines and former Marines who probably want their personal gear just as badly as the Center wants to return it. Innumerable letters of inquiry have been returned to the Center stamped "Return to sender—addressee unknown," but they'll keep trying until every avenue of identification is exhausted. In some cases a letter of inquiry from the man concerned will start the ball rolling. So, how about it? If your seabag has strayed, bring it home with a letter to one of the baggage centers.

END



# Now in the

# OLD



**T**HE MERCURY LOOKED down from one hundred and twelve degrees in the shade at Parris Island. Dark splotches of sweat camouflaged the dungaree uniforms of the recent arrivals as they stood at various civilian versions of attention. An overflowing sea bag slumped beside each man. Crisp caps sagged over hairless heads, keeping the bright sunlight from awe-filled eyes. The broad, long visors also blacked out the view of their granite foster father. But he was there; they could hear him thundering.

Drill instructor Sergeant Elmer Rees narrowed his eyes and looked disgustingly from one end of the staggered ranks to the other. He glared malevolently.

"Listen, you people, I'm gonna give you some good advice. You better forget you were ever civilians because there's only two ways you leave this island—vertical or horizontal. And if you're vertical you'll be Marines. I'm gonna take care of that!"

Then he looked at the Quonset huts behind the ranks and counted off the men, sixteen to a hut.

"When I dismiss you," he growled, "I want to see nothing but necks and

heels . . ." The D.I. stopped abruptly and strode with menace to a boy of medium height who was absently scratching his ear. "You, boy," he shouted in a rage, "get that arm down to your side. When I talk I get attention. See? ATTENTION!"

The recruit's dungaree uniform fluttered as in a gentle breeze. But there was no breeze. The boy was shaking.

The sergeant drilled a shattering look at the boy.

"What's your name, itchy?"

"Private Murry Carr."

The sergeant's lips quivered with anger as he hissed, "I'm going to ride you hard, boy. Every little answer you give me ends with SIR!"

Murry Carr opened his mouth.

"Never mind, boy. You're on my list now." The sergeant shook his head in wonder. "How does recruiting do it?" he asked himself. "Where do they find guys like you? In the Old Corps, we'd thrown you back. In the Old Corps . . . aw, what's the use? I look at you an' I wonder what I done to deserve it."

Then the sergeant's temper took a turn for the worse. His voice rose to a shout:

"Dis-MISSED! Come on, drop the anvils and move!"

The ranks broke and the recruits ran. Sea bags were dropped, contents spilled out; recruits fell in the sand and came up choking, half-blind, only to stumble again.

From the sergeant came those threatening, sing-song words that no Marine ever forgets:

"You better MO-OOVE!"

Then the platoon was gone but odd remnants of clothing and equipment lay scattered in its wake.

Eleven weeks later, Private First Class Murry Carr stood in the waiting room at Union Station in Washington, D. C. He was headed for home on his first leave. Proudly he wore the fresh evidence of his first promotion. The single stripe high on each sleeve gave Murry the self assurance of an old salt. He glowed inwardly, remembering the awe he had felt at seeing a recruit platoon returning from the rifle range; they had been fully five weeks senior to him in point of service. Hell, that was all over now; today he was a Marine! Didn't the uniform and the Pfc stripes prove it?

A group of men behind Murry attracted his attention. He turned. Eighteen or twenty youths were being led by another young man who wore

# CORPS...

by Al De Cola



a leather jacket. The others were wearing odd combinations of clothes—from suits with white shirts to levis with multi-colored sport shirts—from purple suede shoes to white tennis shoes.

Murry grinned as envious glances came from the group. His jacket was already tight around his body, but he lifted his chest and threw back his shoulders another notch until football-shaped portions of his khaki shirt appeared between his jacket buttons.

He strode, on parade, over to the young man wearing the leather jacket. The awed glances became more obvious, and under their emboldening effect, he patronizingly addressed the leader. "Recruits for P.I., eh? Awfully hot down there this summer."

The leather jacket turned toward Murry, and the man's eyes grew cold as he took in Murry's new greens. He didn't answer but continued to stuff a sheaf of orders into an envelope.

Murry hesitated a moment, then encouraged by a half-heard "Looks swell, doesn't he?" from one of the group, he questioned the leather jacket again.

"You guys goin' to P.I., huh?" he asked.

The man looked up and spoke, his voice matching his still cold eyes.

"Yeah, we're going to P.I. What about it?"

Murry's assurance faded a little. He answered, "Oh, nothing. I just thought maybe I could give you a few pointers. You know, on boot camp."

"From the new looks of your greens, you just left boot camp yourself. Right?"

A little more of Murry's assurance faded. "Well, yeah, but . . ."

"Look," interrupted leather-jacket. "Go away. I was in boot camp when you were in grade school. I spent two years with Carlson's Raiders, and . . ." Murry started backing away "I doubt very much that you can tell me anything about Parris Island or the Corps. In the Old Corps I wouldn't talk to you. In the Old Corps, I'd punch you in the nose for what you just said. Now go away. You bother me."

Murry Carr, Private First Class, lurched away with a broken heart, shoulders slumped forward and chest sagging. What did a guy have to do to get accepted by this outfit, anyway? All you ever heard was "In the Old Corps . . ." "In the Old Corps . . ."

He headed for the coffee bar; at least the cute little chick behind the counter hadn't been in the Old Corps.

Six months later Murry Carr had completed Sea School training at San Diego. He reflected on his time as a Marine. He had enjoyed every minute of it, and now that he was ready for a duty assignment, he had that real Marine feeling. The days of preparation and uselessness were over; he was in.

One Saturday afternoon, he lay on his bunk, smiling with the satisfaction that comes at the end of a long, hard road. He looked at the next bunk and saw that his buddy was awake. "Well, J. C. Black," he said, "how's it feel to be a card-carrying member of the Marines, and in good standing?"

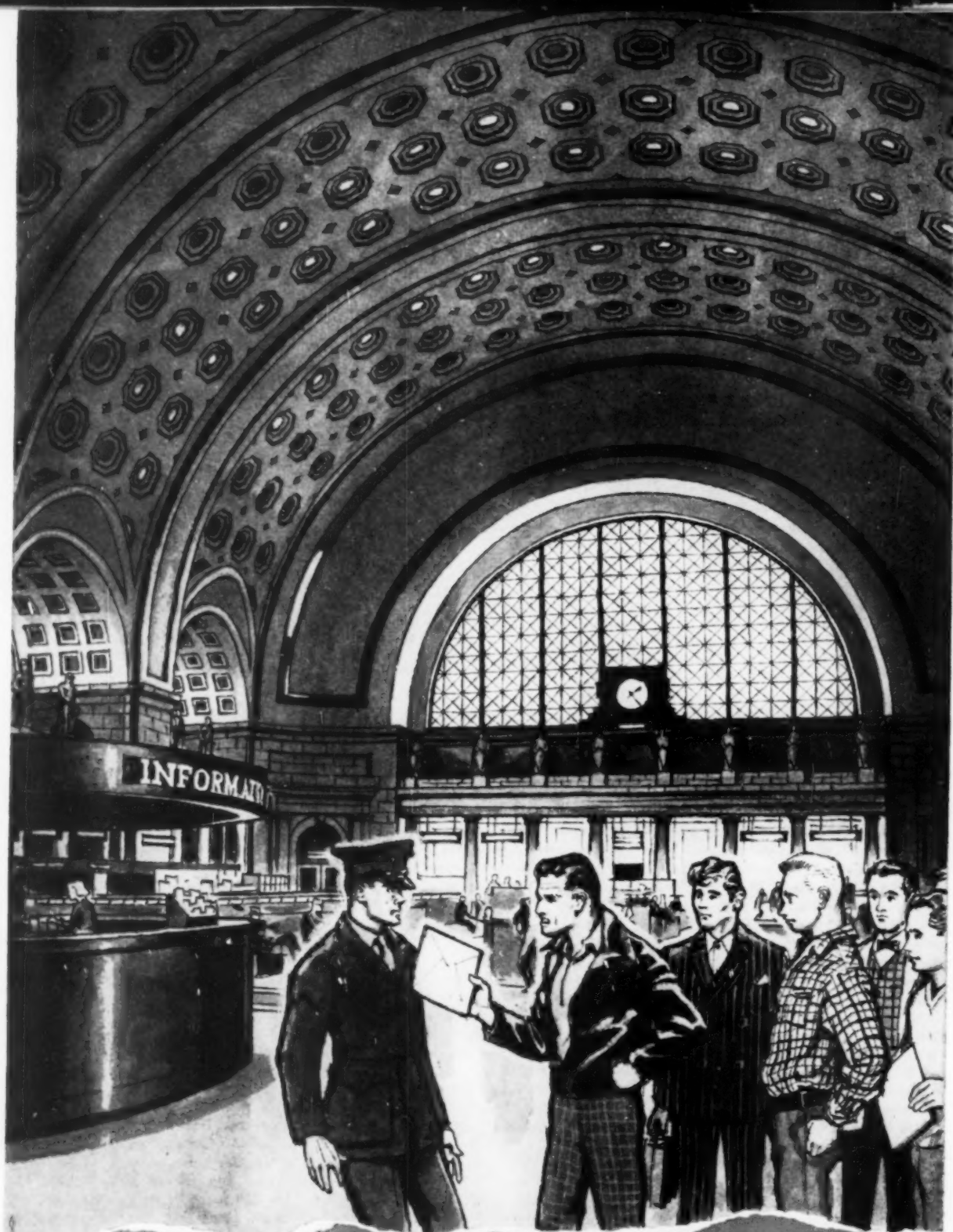
"Pretty good, Murry. I just hope nobody pulls that 'Old Corps' stuff on me now. I'll clobber the guy who does."

"Well, start clobbering, Black," came a familiar voice.

The two friends looked up. Their Sea School drill instructor stood over them, hands on his hips, legs apart. "You two give me a pain. Always choppin'. There's guys in the Corps that have been just about every place in the world. You think you rate with them? You ain't in their class any more than a couple of cats in the Kentucky Derby."

TURN PAGE





"Look," interrupted a man in a leather jacket. "I was in boot camp when you were in grade school. I spent two years in the Raiders. I doubt that you can tell me about Parris Island or the Old Corps."



## IN THE OLD CORPS (cont.)

Murry stood up. "He can't help it. Always somebody's yakking it up about the Old Corps. We wear the uniform don't we? What do you want us to do? Sit around and applaud you guys?"

"Look, clowns, you make me sick; wait until you have some time in. Then you can sound off a little. Until then, shut up! You wear the uniform, but you ain't earned it."

J. C. Black stood up beside Murry. "What do you mean, we haven't earned the uniform? We been in six months!"

"That's just the point. You ain't been in long enough. You don't know what it is to be a Marine. You guys ain't never pulled long monotonous guard duty day after day, week after week, in some lonely place a million miles from nowhere. You ain't never even been shot at. I been.

"Like in the Old Corps, until you done these things too, you are only mascot Marines. The Corps ain't got no use for guys that get the 'big head' over nothing!"

Corporal Stevens stalked off.

Murry looked at Black. "Let's go ashore now. I don't feel like waiting till chow-time."

"OK, Murry. But that Stevens forgets there's Marines that have done more'n he has. There's Marines who could tell him about the Old Corps, too."

Downtown San Diego was crowded with Marines and Sailors, all hunting for a good time. They filled the streets, swarmed before the movie theaters, and filled the cash registers of their favorite bars.

Murry and Black selected the Saturday Night Girl's Club Serviceman's Dance as their destination.

Inside the building, they looked over the mobs of uniformed men. Murry saw a girl he had met previously. He swung her onto the crowded floor. He thought to himself, *I'm a Marine here, anyway. Corporal Stevens can't yap about the Old Corps here...*

The girl in his arms said dreamily, "Murry, tell me what it's like in Australia."

Puzzled, Murry answered, "How would I know? I've never been to Australia."

The girl stopped for a moment, then picked up Murry's steps again. She asked, "Well, how about Manila then?"

"I don't know. I've never even been out of the States."

The girl dropped her arms and planted her feet firmly. "Well, boy, that cooks you with me. Last week, you told me you had been all over the Pacific." She enumerated on her fingers. "Guam, Hawaii, China, Australia, the

Philippines. You were never to any of those places. If my girl friends knew I danced with a land-locked liar, they'd cut me right out of the club."

Murry remembered, now, snow-jobbing this girl the week before, and his stomach tightened. "What are you talking about? What Club?"

"The Overseas Club," the girl replied scornfully. "We're not supposed to dance with children. Only with men who have been overseas. And me, vice-president of the club. If they find out, I'm done. Now, you just get outa' here and don't come back." With that, the girl walked smilingly to a big Sailor standing alone, and held up her arms.

Murry stumbled from the building and located the nearest bar.

Many people thought the sad-looking Marine was crazy that night. He kept muttering, "They even have a club for it. Imagine that, a club..."



Aboard a light cruiser off the east coast of North Korea, Murry Carr looked back on his three years' service, 18 month's service on the cruiser alone. His thoughts rambled backward over Hawaii, Australia, China, and Inchon.

It was Saturday night, and he wanted to go to the Girl's Club dance. He was eligible. He could dance with the girls now.

Yes, and even by Corporal Stevens' standards, he was now a Marine. He had stood many lonely harassed watches. He had been shot at. He was glad for Inchon. The ship hadn't been hit, but it *had* been fired on.

He stared around the 40-mm. gun mount, and felt a rush of love for the "blister." He looked with affection at the busy Marines around him, all of them with less service than he had. All of them except one...

His eyes stopped on a scrawny, little

man examining ammunition. He felt sudden dislike. The scrawny man had more service.

His old friend, Black, climbed into the mount and sat down beside Murry. "Hi, Murry, what's the good look for? You happy about something?"

"Yeah, I'm happy. You know how sensitive I am about service time. I was just thinking that except for the 'crow' over there, you and I are the oldest men in this gun crew."

The little man heard Murry, for he came over quickly, and wagged a finger in Murry's face. "Look, boy, I don't like that name and you know it."

Murry looked up innocently. "But the name fits you. The 'crow.' It's the perfect name."

"Just don't call me that!"

"But 'gunny' and the 'top' call you crow. Why can't I?"

"Only guys that was in the Old Corps

call me crow."

"But I think you look like a crow. You don't look like a Marine. You should enlist in the United States Crow Corps."

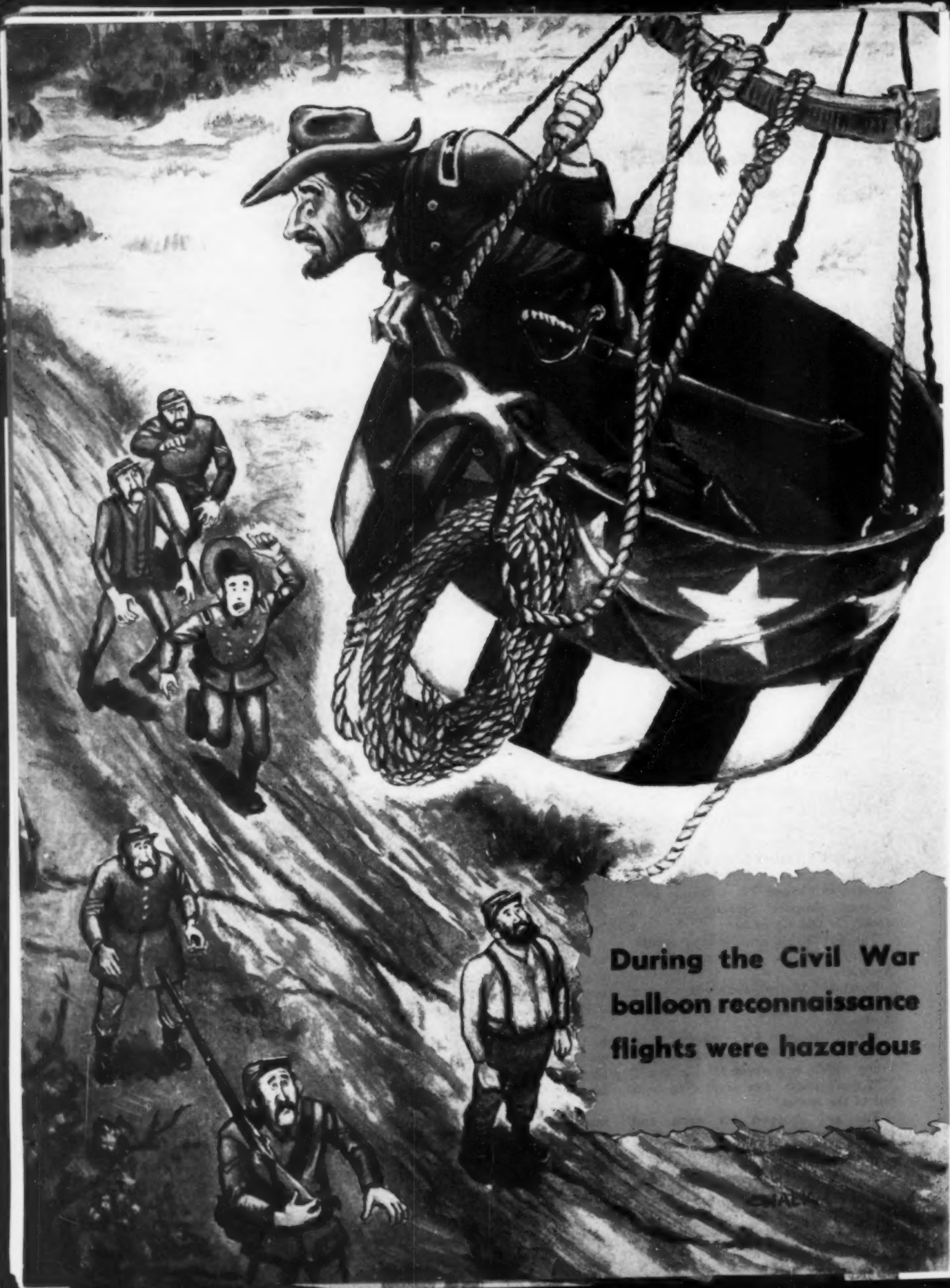
The crow exploded. "Looks don't count, Carr. I been in the Old Corps ten years. I been sergeant three times.

"You think because some half-blind Commies shot a couple of dud shells a mile over your head you got the right to yap away like this. That don't make you no Marine.

"You call me crow again, and I'll belt you. Remember that, you stupid boot!"

The word "boot" stopped Murry cold. Three years' service, and "the crow" had called him a boot. A BOOT! Well, it wouldn't be long before he'd have a service stripe. Then they'd stop telling him about the Old Corps.

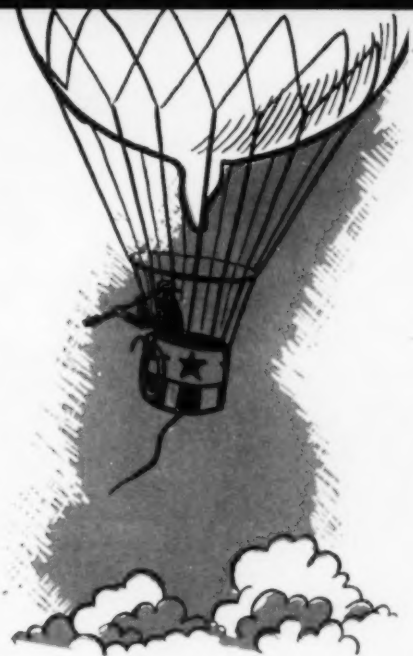
Another year (continued on page 69)



**During the Civil War  
balloon reconnaissance  
flights were hazardous**

# LINCOLN'S AIR FORCE

by Capt. James R. Johnson



**T**HADDEUS SOBRIESKI Constantine Lowe had a flamboyant personality to complement his imposing name. He was destined to become the fair-haired boy of the Union air effort in The War Between The States. He didn't actually have fair hair; a long black mane topped his fierce expression which was further enhanced by a full-blown mustache, swept gallantly back to the middle of each cheek.

In 1859, Lowe had tried a trans-Atlantic balloon flight in the *City of New York*, a large oiled and varnished twill cloth bag 200 feet high and 100 feet in diameter. The ship, with a 30-foot steam-powered lifeboat attached underneath, had failed to leave the ground because the New York Gas Company couldn't pump the hydrogen in fast enough.

Test flights and bad luck rocked along until April 19, 1861, when Lowe was in Cincinnati, determined to make a trial flight in a smaller balloon from that city to the Atlantic coast. He was attending a banquet one night when someone told him that conditions were perfect for his flight. He rushed in dinner clothes to the balloon, started inflation and was airborne before four a. m.

Shortly after noon on that day he landed in South Carolina. The planters and Negroes who gathered around figured it was some sort of Yankee spy trick. Lowe wisely took off again and came down near Unionville, S. C. He discouraged the talk of lynching with his army revolver, but was arrested anyway and taken to Columbia, S. C. where, as the first prisoner of the Civil

War, he was given a grilling. An old acquaintance helped convince the Southerners he was not a spy, and Lowe headed North shortly after the Civil War started.

During 1861, the Union Army found that the balloon had military possibilities. Union General William F. Smith told General Fitz John Porter, who had a division in the Army of the Potomac, that fire from hidden artillery, directed from a high-flying balloon, could be very effective. President Lincoln also became interested in this new technique of war.

Lowe persuaded the Navy Department to buy the 122-foot USS *Parke Curtis* for \$150 for use as a balloon carrier. The boat was given a trial on the Potomac and the results were favorable.

By 1862, Lowe's air fleet consisted of seven balloons, several experienced aeronauts and sufficient ground crews. He designed his own generators which consisted of horse-wagon tanks about four by four by eight feet. Iron filings and water were put in the tanks and sulphuric acid poured in. The resulting hydrogen left the top of the tank through inverted U-shaped metal pipes attached to rubber hoses which conducted gas into the net-covered bag.

In normal operations a tiny insulated wire ran from the headquarters tent, over staff tents and tree limbs, high jumped the wagon roads to the hollow where the balloon crew worked, joined the anchoring ropes and stopped 200 feet in the air at Lowe's wicker basket.

Lowe would sit there, sometimes for hours, looking at the Confederate positions through his long spy glass and

dictate his observations to a nervous telegrapher in the basket with him. At other times Lowe took along an artist who made panoramic sketch maps of the enemy positions.

But Lowe was not alone in his pioneer aerial observation. The most colorful episode in Federal aeronautic operations of the Civil War happened when General Fitz John Porter, a 40-year old regular from New Hampshire, was assigned to the siege of Yorktown, Va. He recognized the value of the moored balloon as an ideal reconnaissance platform which could get certain current order-of-battle information to the troops on the ground.

The episode began at dawn on April 11, 1862, when Fitz John, on sudden inspiration, came rushing out of his tent with his telescope under his arm. He jumped into the basket car under the balloon and called to the ground crew to get the cables unwound at full speed.

The crew bounded from their breakfast of salt pork and turned to in a frenzy. In the excitement no one noticed that only one rope secured the balloon.

The acid-rotted rope parted in a moment, and the half-inflated balloon rose with its folds slapping like the sound of musket fire—loud enough to alert the entire army along the eight-mile front.

Confederate guns boomed warnings. Signal flags unfurled all along the lines. The balloon rocked upward, trailing its part of the broken anchor cable, as a war correspondent put it, "like a great entrail."

Fitz John could be seen looking down, his gestures indicating his sur-

TURN PAGE





### LINCOLN'S AIR FORCE (cont.)

prise upon finding himself in this precarious predicament. Lowe, on the ground, shouted, "Open the valve!"

The drifting general climbed up the netting but could not reach the swaying valve rope. He climbed back down into the basket.

After a moment Fitz John's spy glass appeared over the edge of the basket and those below saw the general surveying the Confederate works. Then a wind began to slip the balloon toward the Confederate lines. The watching Federals let out a loud moan.

As the balloon passed over the Confederate batteries Fitz John calmly surveyed the Southern fortifications directly beneath the balloon. The bag stopped over Yorktown heights and Fitz John studied every Confederate position within range of his glass, which could pick up Norfolk 25 miles away.

Soon the sun was up and with it, a change in the wind. The balloon moved back over Federal lines. This time Fitz John was successful in reaching the valve rope.

The balloon and Fitz John came down safely. A regimental band went into action as every officer within running distance tried to shake his hand in congratulation. It seemed that the whole Federal Army tried to join in the honor escort to take Fitz John back to his headquarters.

Since previous ascensions had been made well back of the front lines, Lowe determined to try to get close enough to Richmond to count the forts around it.

A Federal newspaper correspondent was to go with him. The correspondent

described the bag, the *Constitution*, as looking something like a fat boa constrictor as it reared gently from its anchor ropes and sandbagged netting.

Lowe and the correspondent climbed aboard. Each anchor rope was taken in hand by 12 men and played out. The balloon moved gently upward until Jeff Davis' capitol building on Shockoe Hill could easily be seen. Lowe yelled to the ground crew to hold and immediately began sketching the Rebel positions.

After a few moments a Southern battery boomed. The cannon shell exploded in a nearby field. Others followed. The Confederates had the range.

Lowe gave hasty orders to the ground crew to pull in—fast.

A shell burst in mid air close by and the two men in the basket ducked as the fragments whizzed by. The balloon settled earthward with agonizing slowness. Another Confederate battery found the range. Federal batteries rushed to get into action for counter-battery fire. The correspondent fainted. When he was brought around with cold water dashed into his face he was on the ground listening to the cheers of the several hundred soldiers who had gathered about.

On May 31, 1862, and again on June 1, the Union Army was saved from possible destruction when continued observations were made of Confederate maneuvers at the battle of Fair Oaks.

The Confederate attack at Gaines' Mill on June 27 would have meant disaster for the Federals but for the high-flying Lowe. The Southerners had a healthy respect for the Federal aeronautical successes; the threat of observation greatly curtailed Rebel movements, according to Confederate General E. P. Alexander. The Southerners, at one time, sent five volunteers into

the Federal lines to sabotage the balloons. If successful, a reward of \$1000 and commissions awaited them. Only two returned to their own lines. No balloons were destroyed.

Confederate General James Longstreet reported after the war that the sight of the "beautiful observations" being conducted out of artillery range was very frustrating.

The Rebels lacked the materials to build a balloon. Finally someone suggested that a request be addressed to Southern women to donate their silk dresses and "other items" to help the war along by making possible the construction of an observation gas bag.

The response was satisfactory. A huge patchwork balloon was built by Langdon Cheves, Jr., of Savannah and rushed to Richmond in time for the Seven Days Campaign. Gas was available only in Richmond, so the balloon was inflated there each time it was to be used and then run down the peninsula on the York River Railroad to the place of launching.

Lowe had little respect for the Confederates' first aero attempts. He prophesied that their first balloon would burst in the wind. The balloon was seen only sporadically until June 28 when it arose from downtown Richmond and hung there while its observers surveyed the Federal retreat.

A balloon was operated from time to time from a steamer in the James River. It was hauled in for the last time when the steamer grounded on a sand bar during an ebbing tide after which the Federals captured the balloon and its "carrier."

Later the Confederates tried their hand at hot-air cotton balloons during the Peninsular Campaign. The effort failed and the South's balloon project was shelved.

The Yank balloon project also came to a lingering end. Lowe remained a civilian while working with the Army and was subject to all sorts of inexperienced Army personalities placed in charge of the balloon corps. The Engineers, Signal, Quartermaster, and Topographical Engineer Corps all tried to run the balloon organization. In addition, materials provided were inadequate.

By the time Captain Cyrus B. Comstock, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac and no admirer of Lowe, took charge, Lowe was fed up. He resigned.

As an outsider Lowe continued his efforts to reorganize the balloon corps, but never succeeded. The war ended and he turned his attention to other projects which by 1910 included a scheme for coast-to-coast airship travel.

The military balloon had made its mark. Aerial warfare had been born.



# SPORT SHORTS

Story and Illustrations  
by Sgt. Robert C. Southree  
Leatherneck Staff Artist



John Petitbon



"Swede" Larson



Leo Nomellini

**"S**WEDE" LARSON, LEO Nomellini and John Petitbon are three athletes who have garnered a big quota of football glory for the Marine Corps during past years.

The competitive prowess of the late Colonel Emery E. Larson could serve as a goal to all sports-minded Marines of today. He was not only an outstanding player (lineman on one of the finest teams the Corps ever fielded—Quantico's 1922 All-Marine eleven) but an excellent coach as well. One of the many opponents which toppled before

the Big Team from Quantico during the Swede's reign as mentor was the 3rd Corps Area Army squad, coached by young Dwight D. Eisenhower. But perhaps the greatest achievements of Larson's career came in the years preceding War II when he was head coach at the U. S. Naval Academy. Under the Marine's guidance, the Middies scuttled the Black Knights of West Point three years running.

Leo Nomellini was too busy fighting a war in the Pacific to play football during his cruise in the Marines. When he received his walking papers at the

war's end, the stalwart lineman won All-American honors at the University of Minnesota. Later he panned for pig-skin gold with the National Football League's San Francisco 49ers. Off-season, Nomellini is one of wrestling's top card attractions.

Quantico's John Petitbon was a standout performer among the horde of present day Marines whose gridiron talents paced the drama of the past season. The former Notre Dame half-back was a consistent ground gainer for the Virginia Devil Dogs throughout their grueling schedule.

END

# Buglers' School

by MSgt. Steven Marcus  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
MSgt. J. W. Richardson  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



MSgt. Homer Shreve, Jr., auditions prospective students for the Field Music school every Tuesday



The embryo Field Music receives a plastic horn for practice. Later, a metal horn will be issued



Field Musics must be sharp in appearance. Daily personnel inspection is held while attending school.

The future buglers get their share of troop and stomp, participating in regular training formations

**Y**OU'RE DREAMING. Marching packs and boondocks are forgotten as you cruise lazily on a hydramatic cloud. Suddenly a shrill brass note from another world ends the night and starts a new day. Irving Berlin's treatise on buglers is appropriate and you apply it with vehemence, for a bugler's life is a hapless one at 5:45 a.m. He'll sound chow bumps three times today, turn you loose on liberty with a peppy who's-going-ashore and salute the end of another day of soldiering with a sweet, yet mournful, taps.

But at reveille, the bugler is cussed and discussed in definite terms. He doesn't stand a chance the rest of the day.

In the early 1900s, the bottom 10 percent of the well-known 10 percent were shuttled into use as Field Musics to keep them out of harm's way. Downy-checked youths too young for line duty were enlisted as Musics under the following conditions:

"This indenture witnesseth, that, John Kidwell of the city of Washing-

ton, District of Columbia, by and with the consent of his mother, Mary Ann Kidwell — hath put himself and by these presents and with the consent of his mother—doth voluntarily and of his own free will and accord, put himself apprentice to Drum Major Raphael Triay on behalf of government to learn music—Art, Trade and Mystery—and after the manner of an apprentice to serve him, the said Raphael Triay, or anyone appointed in his place from the day of the date hereof, for and during, and to the full end and term of Ten Years, Nine

Months next ensuing. During all which term, the said apprentice, his said master faithfully shall serve—his secrets keep, his faithful commands everywhere readily obey; he shall do no damage to his said master nor see it done by others without giving notice thereof to his said master. He shall not waste his said master's goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any. He shall not contract matrimony within the said term. He shall not play at cards, dice, or any other unlawful game, whereby his said master may have damage with his own goods, nor the goods of others,

TURN PAGE







For outdoor classes, MSgt. Homer Shreve, Jr., instructs with his oversized musical scoreboard



The expression on the face of Corp. Midkiff seems to indicate that the student has just soured a note

#### BUGLERS' SCHOOL (cont.)

without license from his said master shall neither buy nor sell. He shall not absent himself day nor night from his said master's services without his leave. Nor haunt Ale houses, Taverns, Play Houses; but in all things behave himself as a faithful apprentice ought to do during said term. And the said master shall use the utmost of his endeavours to teach or cause to be taught or instructed, the said apprentice in the trade or mystery of a musician—and procure and provide for him sufficient meat, drink, clothing, lodging and washing fitting for an apprentice during the said term of ten years and nine months. He shall be further taught to read, write and cypher as far as the single rule of three."

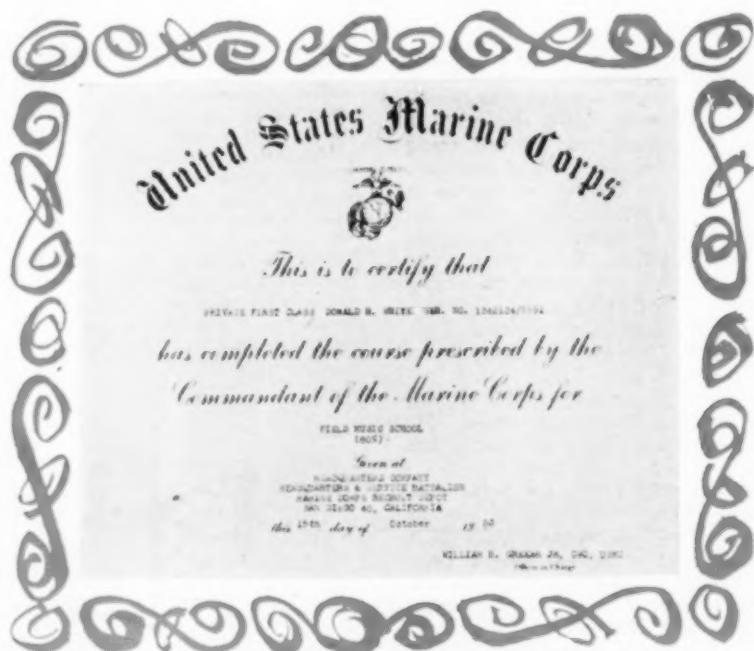
The situation has improved, though. Today there are no misfits in the Corps' musical field. Selectivity and screening is a thorough process, and men accepted for Field Music School are all volunteers with musical background and experience.

The Marine Corps Field Music Schools are located at the Parris Island and San Diego Recruit Depots, and at present receive students mainly from the ranks of boot camp graduates. At the San Diego school, every Tuesday night is audition night. Recruits with experience in wind instruments, and who have expressed a desire to enter the 5500 field, are interviewed and auditioned by the top men of the school. If they meet the requirement standards, there is a likely chance that

they may be among the 20 new students who enter the school each month.

Master Sergeant Homer Shreve, Jr., a beribboned veteran of 19½ years of Marine Corps service is director of the San Diego school. Shreve is an accomplished musician who has served in almost every phase of Marine Corps music, from the first Fleet Marine Force Drum and Bugle Corps in 1934,

to service with the First Marine Division Band in Korea. Along the way, he has picked up nine drum major trophies, all won in major competition against top civilian and military musical organizations. Under the overall supervision of Commissioned Warrant Officer William B. Greear, Jr., and assisted by a 10-man staff of instructors, MSgt. Shreve guides his 115 musical



Certificate of Completion—Field Music School. Something to be proud of after four long months of study. Musics must learn 137 difficult calls

charges through the four-month Field Music course.

As each new student enters the school he is issued the tools of his trade; a bugle and a copy of the Field Music Manual, and he's started on the first phase of training. For the students—many of whom are accomplished musicians in their own right—basic training entails a brush-up in scale practice, music reading, and the tenets of doing things the Marine Corps way. Military formations, such as formal guard mounts, funeral details and special formations are drilled into the novices, and the first dozens of bugle calls are taught. Logically enough, the first call mastered by the buglers-to-be is "chow bumps."

The four-month training agenda of the school is divided into five progressive phases. The initial class is slated for a 30-day period, but no student is required to remain there or in any other class for the full allotted time. As fast as a man masters the fundamentals of a class, he is transferred to the next group, and on through the school. Students who encounter difficulty with the training are given individual instruction until they are able to go on. At the end of the first 30-day period, all students are given a detailed examination. Those unable to master bugling technique are dropped from the school and transferred elsewhere. Although 20 students are enrolled in the Field Music School each month, only an average of 16 manage to complete the course and reach graduation day.

As the student continues through the school, training becomes more difficult. Advanced garrison calls, Navy calls and marches are all committed to memory. These run the gamut from the familiar "Taps" and "Colors" to "Boots and Saddles" and "Overcoat" calls. Since many of the graduate Musics will serve aboard ships of the Navy, all Navy calls from "Man Overboard" to "Secure Watertight Doors" are mastered.

Prior to graduation, all students are given a final proficiency exam by the band officer or by the senior instructor of the school, Technical Sergeant Lawrence G. Hutcheson. In addition to a written examination, all students are required to play every call in the manual from memory, no mean accomplishment, with 137 calls on the list. Each graduating group serves a one-month, on-the-job training period with the post Drum and Bugle Corps, and a few of the top men receive a permanent assignment with the unit.

In the closing phases of training, the senior students begin to participate in the colorful events of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot. They are assigned to



Individual proficiency examinations are required before graduation from Field Music School. Pfc Sheldon S. Harrell demonstrates his ability



Their last formation as student Musics—CWO William B. Greear, Jr., Officer-in-Charge, presents each man with his diploma upon graduation

parades, the rendering of honors to visiting dignitaries, and those present on New Year's Day, march in the famed Pasadena Rose Bowl Parade. Each day, students are assigned Field Music watches in the recruit battalions, and one man draws the billet of Depot Bugler of the Day.

Graduate Field Musics have found that their duties at times range far beyond that of the realm of music, and by necessity, their knowledge must be varied and general. Through the years, Musics have filled in as runners, messengers and stretcher bearers, and when the occasion demands, have laid their bugles aside and manned the rifles, ma-

chine guns and bayonets of the Corps.

Like the traveling salesman of civilian life, the Field Music has long borne the brunt of many of the Corps' off-duty jokes and gibes. But in their everyday duties, the bugle boys are accepted in a different light. As the razor-sharp, smart-stepping Drum and Bugle Corps steps out onto the parade ground of any post in the world, the average Marine onlooker throws his shoulders back just a little farther, and tells himself, "Man, that's a good looking outfit." And when the drums begin to roll and shining bugles flash up in unison to the first note of music, the whole Corps nods its approval.

END



# Leatherneck Laffs



"Let's go in here. The bartender knows me!"

Leatherneck Magazine







"It's for you!"



Leatherneck Magazine



"Sarge, it's really great to get back to your chow after all that home-cooked food!"



KEN DUGGAN-

"Now listen, Higgins, when I said you'd better start playing ball with me I didn't mean..."



INS Photo  
During battle for Shanghai in February, 1932, Floyd Gibbons was on the firing lines with Marines. Picture was taken at Soo Chow Creek

**A reporter's "last story"  
was the tip-off that U. S.  
Marines were in action**



by MSgt. Paul Sarokin  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

# FLOYD GIBBONS

**W**AR REPORTING IS A precarious occupation. Floyd Gibbons lost an eye while covering the Marines at Belleau Wood. Ernie Pyle lost his life. Gibbons, probably the most colorful reporter during the volcanic quarter of a century between World Wars I and II, expressed the attitude of all sincere combat correspondents: "We cannot write about what our men are doing unless we do it ourselves, and we cannot tell how they feel unless we feel it, too."

From 1915 to 1936 there were nine wars, and Floyd Gibbons was at every front. The Villa Carranza War (Mexico); World War I; Irish Revolution; Polish-Russian War; French-Riffian War (Africa); Polish Revolution; Japanese-Chinese War (Manchuria); Italian-Ethiopian War; and the Spanish Revolution were the beats he pounded—along with his typewriter. The Great Depression, Russian Famine, and the rise of Communism and Fascism made the news and history. Gibbons reported them all—the only way he knew—first hand.

Floyd grew up in Washington, D. C., almost within the shadow of the Capitol. His father—a picturesque man with a full growth of flaming red whisk-

ers—ran a butter and egg business on the northeast side of town. One of his ambitions was to help his son through college, but Floyd's record at Georgetown University showed little promise for a successful career. In fact, he was later expelled from school for shooting craps on the university grounds.

His first job as a police reporter with the Minneapolis Daily News paid him seven dollars a week. In those days, reporters were considered only a slight shade above hit and skip artists.

Even then, Gibbons, who looked a lot like Gene Tunney, had a sensitive nose for news. As a cub reporter he once rushed into a burning hotel, dashed past the firemen, and amid smoke, flame and falling debris, rescued the hotel register. That was the first of many scoops which were to give his papers the edge on their rivals.

In the early stages of World War I when the Kaiser's subs were sinking ships in the Atlantic, Floyd realized that passage aboard a torpedoed ship would enable him to write an exclusive, eye-witness account of the disaster. Until then, the only reports of these sinkings came from dazed, incoherent accounts of survivors. He booked passage on the *LACONIA*—a ship which he thought had a good chance of being

sunk, and sailed out of New York harbor. A few hundred miles from Ireland, his hunch proved correct. His exclusive account appeared in most newspapers across the nation and established him as a comer among reporters.

When the U. S. declared war on Germany, Gibbons was already in England covering war activities and training. The arrival of General Pershing at Liverpool was under rigid censorship. Reporters were forbidden to mention the port. Floyd managed to get around the restriction by cabling his paper: **MAJOR GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING LANDED AT A BRITISH PORT TODAY AND WAS GREETED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL**,—and British censors cleared it!

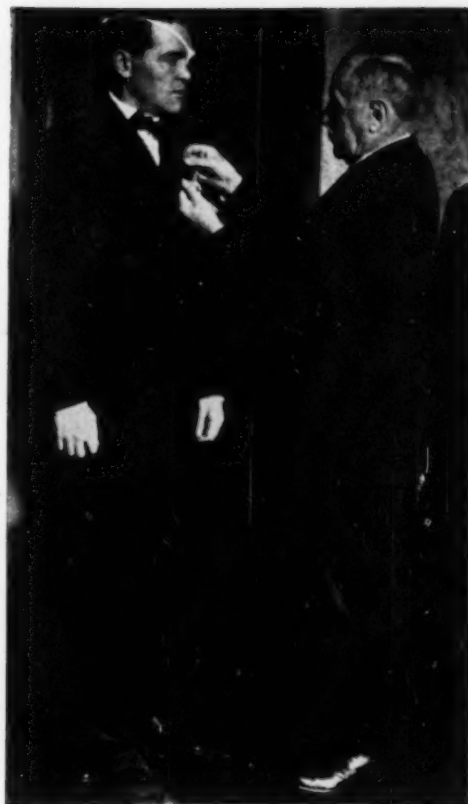
The Fifth Marines were then commanded by Colonel W. C. Neville, later Commandant of the Corps. He tried to discourage Gibbons from accompanying his Marines by saying it would be too hot up there. Floyd was persistent, however, and finally got permission. "Go wherever you like," said Col. Neville,—"and as far as you like!"

Floyd went along. When Major Benjamin S. Berry, a battalion commander, was struck by a machine gun bullet,

Chicago Tribune Photo  
Marshal Ferdinand Foch awards Floyd Gibbons the French  
Legion of Honor for crossing Sahara Desert in record time



Chicago Tribune Photo  
Marines march down Chicago's Michigan Blvd. with Gibbons  
upon his return from France. Parade was for French award



Floyd crawled slowly towards him—hugging the ground with his face. He had travelled a few feet when a bullet struck him in the left arm. He continued to push forward. A few seconds later another bullet hit him in the left shoulder. He kept going until a third bullet stopped him. It had ricocheted from a rock, and with an upward sweep, ripped out his left eye and fractured his skull, leaving a hole three inches long in the right side of his steel helmet.

From then on, Floyd viewed the historic events of his time through one eye. His trademark became the white patch—which he changed several times daily. His many stories about the Marines gave America a better understanding of their role in the battlefields of France.

When the censors heard that Floyd Gibbons had been seriously wounded, they didn't have the heart to cut any of what they believed would be his last story. So they passed the news that the U. S. Marines were slugging it out with the Germans in Belleau Wood. It was the tip-off. Now America knew that the Marines were there.

By the time Floyd docked in the States, a Marine honor guard met him

at the ship and he was virtually made an honorary Marine.

The greatest and most heart-rending story of the 20s was the Great Russian Famine—an aftermath of the Polish-Russian War. Ten million people were starving. The Chicago Tribune considered it the most important story on the globe at that time. Even then, however, Russia was cut off from the rest of the world by an impenetrable wall. All the tact, tricks and experience of a true adventurer were required to break through. But Gibbons held an ace—the Russians needed American food. He broke in but was not taken prisoner. He was the first correspondent to send eye-witness stories of the Russian famine back to the American press.

But newspapers have their dull times, too . . . and that's when they dream up odd feature assignments for their correspondents. "Cross the Sahara," Floyd's editor cabled, "and pick up a story on real sheiks . . ." Hollywood had succeeded in doubling the heart throbs of American women with a Rudolph Valentino movie. Young swains plastered their hair in the Valentino manner and their girl friends, the newspapers and the public called them "sheiks." The photos of old be-

whiskered desert dogs brought back by Gibbons were far removed from the soda sipping "sheiks" of the States.

All the Presidents, from Theodore to Franklin D. Roosevelt were his pals. General Pershing, Marshal Foch, General MacArthur, Pancho Villa, Jack Dempsey and Eddie Rickenbacker were his friends and their lives, exploits and accomplishments filled his stories.

Floyd Gibbons was able to grasp and describe the great events of his time in shirt-sleeves language that people could understand. When adventure beckoned—he took off by boat, by plane, or by camel. And the thousands of stories he filed to his papers during that quarter of a century helped awaken America to the magnitude of the coming events which were shaping the world.

He had escaped death many times on many battlefields and in the far and lonely corners of the earth, but on September 24, 1939 at 10:16 p.m., death came to Floyd Gibbons quietly and unexpectedly with a heart attack.

At Mount Olivet Cemetery, not far from the place of his birth, a tombstone bears the epitaph:

FLOYD GIBBONS  
Born July 16, 1887—  
Died September 24, 1939  
Adventurer

END



# We-the Marines



Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

## Navy Cross Squadron

The Navy Cross ranks next to the Medal of Honor and is the second highest award a Marine may win. It is presented only "for distinguished and extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy."

It is a seldom seen decoration but members of Marine Fighter Squadron 235 at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Calif., probably see more Navy Cross ribbons than any other outfit its size in the Corps. They believe their squadron is the only one that has five Navy Cross winners on its roster.

The jet unit commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Donald H. Sapp, wears his dark blue ribbon for World War II gallantry. He earned it for shooting down ten Zeroes and one Japanese bomber while skippering a Corsair over the Solomons.

Major Franklin C. Thomas, Jr., Operations Officer, earned his decoration while operating over Rabaul. He downed nine Zeroes.

Assistant Flight Officer, Captain Robert Wade's Navy Cross came for destroying four enemy planes in one hop during a desperate Kamikaze attack over Okinawa.

Major William Farrell, who also earned his medal over Okinawa, shot down 4½ Zeroes, plus one probable. The half score is tallied when two pilots each get credit for a kill.

The fifth VMF-235 pilot who wears the Navy Cross is Major Robert Klingman. While flying a Corsair fighter over Okinawa, the Major engaged a Japanese aircraft in combat. When his ammo ran out, he went after his opponent with his airplane propeller, chopping off the Zero's tail.



Official USMC Photo

Marine Fighter Squadron 235, Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Calif., believes it's the only squadron which has five Navy Crosses

The ribbon salesman who drops in at the El Toro PX has been given the word to carry a few extra Navy Cross ribbons in his brief case.

PIO El Toro, Calif.

## 'Canal Padre

A slight, wispy, Dutch missionary with a Van Dyke beard who has been teaching Christianity to natives for almost 20 years dropped in at the U.S. Naval Academy recently just to let Marines know that Guadalcanal "is in pretty good shape."

Father Emery DeKlerk, a 45-year-old Marist priest is Guadalcanal-bound again after a brief furlough in Holland.

He toured the Academy with Lieutenant Colonel Dale H. Heely, once a member of the 11th Marine Regiment when Marines stopped the Japanese offensive in the Pacific.

After Japanese troops captured the 'Canal, Father DeKlerk and 17 young men of his mission formed a guerilla band. Their arsenal consisted of one rifle, one shotgun and 30 rounds of ammo. Later they added 40 Japanese rifles and more ammunition.

Both the Marine Corps and the Army have made Father DeKlerk an honorary second lieutenant. In 1948, the U. S. Government presented him with the Freedom Medal in recognition of his aid to the U.S. forces on the 'Canal.

Father DeKlerk plans to spend 15 more years on the island to round out an even 35-year tour.

PIO Naval Academy

## Wheel Chair Pilots

Marines of El Toro, California, recently made life a little brighter for 32 doomed children—all victims of Muscular Dystrophy, an incurable, fatal disease which converts muscle into useless fatty tissue. Open house at the big MCAS gave the kids a real holiday.

The program was arranged by the Marine Corps Air Station and the Southern California Chapter, Muscular Dystrophy Association of America, Inc., which brought the youngsters to the Marine base from all sections of southern California.

squadron. They also took home a model Marine AD-1 "Skyraider" fighter-bomber and a plastic ring with the F3D "Skynight" embossed on the crest which was presented by Douglas Aircraft Corporation.

As the homeward bound tiny Marine pilots passed through the gates—most of them in wheel chairs—there was little noticeable sadness on their faces. They were all Marine pilots now—and they knew that Marines fight hard to hold back tears when they're sad.

The men of Marine All-Weather Fighter Squadron 542 felt a lot better too. They had been responsible for some sunshine and smiles—brought into the hopeless lives of innocent, but doomed children.

PIO—El Toro

Marine working parties soon removed the rubble which blocked the entrance, and the villager entered apprehensively.

There was a pixie smile on his face as he returned a few moments later. Under his arm was his prized trombone, and clutched in his hands was an ornately-framed photograph of himself and six other men—all in the World War I uniform of the UNITED STATES MARINES.

Capt. Donald S. McClellan  
Sixth Marines

## Honorary Marine

A 21-year-old former Marine Reserve sergeant, August Kaohu Duvauchelle, of Honolulu, collected a Communist sniper bullet which shattered his left knee. He laid in the snow in Korea for 13 hours, developed frostbite, and lost several toes. But he still wants to be a Marine.

He was denied enlistment in the Reserve because of his medical retirement. However, he volunteered his knowledge and experience as an instructor to his local Marine Reserve unit, the 15th Infantry Battalion.

Lieutenant Colonel Louis B. Blissard, Commanding Officer of the unit, said of the young Honolulu, "It may not be strictly according to the Book, but we have made Duvauchelle an honorary member of the unit and we say 'Welcome Aboard Marine!'"

Although Duvauchelle was a litter case during the Chosin-Hungnam break-through, he didn't quit fighting. As he lay on a stretcher, he cradled his rifle in his arms and fired at the enemy.

After a year of medical treatment he was transferred to the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in California for special frostbite treatment in an effort to save his feet from amputation. A driving spirit and the will to win coupled with the best medical care the country had to offer, saved his feet and three toes.

He was once a heavy laborer and an outstanding athlete. According to Duvauchelle, the picture is not nearly as

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

MSgt. Richard L. Wenrich and Capt. George Smith of VMF(N)-542, El Toro, Calif., show "pilot" Thomas Cooper, 12, how plane works

Each child was met at the gate by a pilot of Marine All-Weather Fighter Squadron 542, then escorted to the station theater for a special cartoon program. They also watched movies of Marine planes in action.

The little ones forked down a heaping tray of Marine Corps chow, then went on a tour of the station where highly technical aviation electronic and radar equipment was explained to them.

Their biggest thrill probably came when Squadron Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Andrew G. Smith, Jr., presented each guest with miniature gold pilot wings—and a certificate designating each child an honorary pilot of his

## Once a Marine

During recent rescue operations on the earthquake-devastated islands off the coast of Greece, U.S. Marines were assigned the town of Zakynthos on the island of Zante, as their zone of mercy. Men from Weapons Company, 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, administered first aid, and found shelter for the homeless.

As the grim rescue operation progressed, a native approached Lieutenant King D. Thathenurst and asked him, in English, if the Marines would help him clear an entrance to his shattered house. He said he wanted to recover some prized possessions.





Official USMC Photo

Eileen Barton sings one of 39 songs she has recorded for Marine Corps Recruiting Service. Thirteen-week series begins this month

12 June 1953

Dear General Pollock:

When the officers and enlisted men of the 1st Korean Marine Corps Regimental Combat Team learned that the United States Marines were erecting a Memorial monument in honor of your brave heroes, they gathered a small amount of alms which were brought to me to offer to you. I am greatly pleased to have this opportunity of presenting these funds to you.

We Korean Marines owe much to the United States Marines. We are grateful for your valiant contribution to the liberation of our country from the aggressor both during World War II and the present conflict. We are proud of the fact that the Korean Marine Corps stands today as a crack fighting unit because of the training and advice received from the United States Marine Corps.

The blood shed by your men of valor has not only aided the Republic of Korea in its fight for freedom but has aided the cause of the United Nations and freedom loving people everywhere. For this alone the world owes the United States Marines a debt of gratitude.

The small amount of money offered by the Korean Marines for your Memorial is certainly not enough to construct the monument. No amount could repay the United States Marine Corps for its brilliant service to our land. But with our contribution goes our sincere appreciation and humble respect for your great Corps.

When the Marine Corps Memorial has been erected, the Korean Marines will stand proudly and salute the memory of the valiant United States Marines of every age.

Respectfully yours,

KIM SUNG EUN  
Colonel, KMC  
Commanding

## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

black as it looks. He can't play football and baseball like he did in high school, but his Judo is still good. He is a brown belt wearer, and as soon as he can balance himself on three toes, he plans to start entering matches again.

In the meanwhile, retirement for a husky man isn't easy, but with an assured disability income, he is studying a correspondence course in aircraft mechanics at the Honolulu Vocational School. He hopes to enter the school

full-time in the fall under the G-I Bill.

P.I.O., 15th Inf. Bn.  
Camp Catlin, Oahu, T. H.

## A Small Amount of Alms

To the desk of Major General Edwin A. Pollock, former commanding general of the First Marine Division in Korea, came the following letter recently.

*Leatherneck* herewith publishes the letter which expresses the deep feeling of comradeship between the First Korean Marine Corps Regimental Combat Team and the U. S. Marines:







### He Wore An Apron

Walloping pots and pans is a chore which few privates first class escape. And Pfc James T. Johnson, whose regular job was tapping a typewriter for Headquarters Squadron 2, Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, N.C., drew his share of mess duty, along with the rest.

Johnson was up to his elbows in dishes recently when he got a tap on the shoulder to report to the company office. Like everyone else who receives that cryptic call, Johnson anxiously mulled over his recent actions and wondered, "What've I done now?"



Official USMC Photo  
Major General W. P. T. Hill, QM General, bids farewell to retiring Lt. Col. T. J. Chandler, head of Supply Section's Legal Department

At the office he was greeted with, "Here's your second lieutenant's commission for which you were recommended last June. It just came in."

He was then handed two shiny gold bars and duly congratulated.

Second Lieutenant James T. Johnson then hustled off for a quick change of clothes and stood by for his reassign-

ment to Officer's Candidate School at Quantico, Va.

It isn't every day, remarked his friends, that they make messmen second lieutenants.

Naturally, someone else finished the dishes.

PIO Cherry Point, N. C.

### Testimonial for a Towel

It happened at San Diego in 1942.

Pfc Albin Palinski of the First Raider Battalion needed a clean bath towel. Corporal Francis Kulluson had one to lend.

Unfortunately, before the towel could be laundered and returned, "Ski" was transferred to radio school and "Kully" moved out with the Raiders.

Then came Guadalcanal, Saipan, Okinawa and VJ-Day. Palinski got a brief taste of peacetime soldiering, then he shipped out to Korea.

Every time he moved out however, Ski always packed the clean bath towel in his sea bag—the towel with the name F. KULLUSON stenciled clearly across it.

After he was rotated from Korea, Ski drew Cherry Point as his next duty station.

As he walked into the office of the Second Marine Aircraft Wing, he spotted a familiar master sergeant seated at a desk.

"Kulluson," he shouted, "here's your damn towel that I've been lugging around for the last 11 years!"

SSgt. Bud Johns  
Cherry Point, N. C.

END



Official USN Photo  
Miss America (Evelyn Ay) helps Lieutenant Colonel G. E. Gray, CO, inspect Marine Air Reserve Training Detachment, Grosse Ile, Mich.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders.

ANDERSON, Bernard A. (0319) MarPac to Pen FFT  
BURKE, Wand D. (3119) MCDS Phila to AirFMF-  
Pac El Toro FFT  
BOORE, Theodore J. (5849) Mar Pac to Pen FFT  
CAIN, John T. (8619/7314) MCAS Miami to  
3dMAW Miami  
CARRIVEAU, Marshall L. D. (1841) 2dMarDiv  
Lej to MCRD PI RetrScol  
CONNOLLY, William G. (1539) MCDS Phila to  
Pen FFT  
CRABE, Robert M. (4312) 5thMCRD Arlington  
Va to MARTO NAS Dallas  
DANIELS, John A. (0319) HQMC (Harvard U)  
to MB NB Boston  
DOAN, Harold A (0149) 6thMCRD Atlanta to  
AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
FLOYD, Wilson (3239) MD NAD Charlotte to  
Pen FFT  
GARBUS, Michael A. (4941) MCS Quant to Pen  
FFT  
HOAG, Christopher R. (0319) FMFPacTrps Pen  
to AirFMFPac El Toro  
HOLLAND, Ernest W. (0149) 1stMarDiv to  
MARTO MARC NAS Glenview Ill  
HOPKINS, Everett H. (0819) 2dMarDiv Lej to  
6th MCRD Atlanta  
KELLOGG, Clyde (0149) Lej to 1&1 3dCargeCo  
USMCB Charlotte  
KELLY, Walter L. (5849) MarPac to Pen FFT  
KERR, Robert H. (0319) MarPac to Pen FFT  
LAIRD, Ira L. (0339) TTU PhilTraComPacHq  
NavPhibBase SDiego to MCRD PI RetrScol  
MOLINA, Robert P. (3139) MCDS Phila to MCS  
Quant

HOEY, John W. (3539) MCDS Phila to MB NS  
Treasures FFT

JOHNSON, Malcolm E. (3139) MCDS Phila to  
2dMarDiv Lej

JOHNSON, Robert F. (3419) MCDS Phila to  
2dMAW CherPt

KOPROWSKI, William J. (3014) MCD<sup>R</sup> Phila to  
MARTD MARTC NAS NY NY

KRIDER, Melvin (3119) MarPac to Pen FFT

LILLY, Carlos H. (2549) FMFLant Norfolk to Pen  
FFT

MARTIN, Martin B. (2279) MCDS Phila to Pen  
FFT

MC CULLOUGH, Lawrence H. (3024) MCDS  
Phila to MCDS Albany Ga

MC DANIEL, James E. (3014) MCDS Phila to  
A&I Det Lej

MC HUGH, Thomas L. Jr. (0316) FMFPacTrps  
Pen to MCRD PI RectrsScol

MC KUNE, Glenn O. (6449) HQMC to MAD  
NATECHTRACEN Memphis AvenMachMate-  
Crse

MILLER, Arthur D. (2119) MCDS Phila to Pen  
FFT

NASI, Norbert A. (3014) MCDS Phila to MARTD  
MARTC NAS Squantum Mass

O'BRIEN, Robert R. (3379) MarPac to MCRD PI  
RectrsScol

PEAK, Martin H. (3024) MCDS Phila to MCDS  
Albany Ga

POSEY, Liston R. (1839) FMFPacTrps Pen to  
MCRD PI RectrsScol

PRACANICA, John L. (0316) MarPac to MCRD  
PI RectrsScol

PROSCIA, John D. (3419) MCDS Phila to DO  
MCDQ NorfArea Ptsmh Va

RAINEY, Joseph L. (2279) MCDS Phila to Pen  
FFT

ROBARE, Rueben J. (3379) MB NAS PaxRiv Md  
to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

ROBINSON, Harry (0319) Lej to MCRD PI  
RectrsScol

SHEPPARD, Robert R. (3014) MCDS Phila to  
AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SHIMFESSEL, Connie H. (2639) AirFMFPac El  
Toro to MCRD SD RadioTechCrse

SMITH, Jesse H. (0316) FMFPac to MB NB  
Boston

STEWART, Olney F. Jr. (6519) AirFMFPac El  
Toro to MCRD PI RectrsScol

SUYDAM, Robert H. (0149) Lej to MarPac

WEITLAUF, Alpheus H. (0316) MarPac to  
MCRD PI RectrsScol

ANDERSON, Edward G. (5231) MCFwdDep  
PhymhVa to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
AVILA, Aurelio R. (0316) FMPFpacTrps Pen to  
AirFMFPac El Toro  
BENTON, Leslie G. (3519) 1&1 1stTrkCo  
USMCR Tulsa to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
BLAKLEY, Clifford C. (0316) TTU PhibTracCom-  
PacFt NavPhibBase SDiego to MCRD PI  
RectrsScol  
BONSALL, Robert N. (2119) MCDS Phila to  
MCS Quant  
CAMPBELL, Donald E. (0316) MarPac to MCRD  
PI RectrsScol  
CRISLER, Paul F. (2269) MCDS Phila to Pen FFT  
DAVIS, Edward R. (3014) MCDS Phila to MB  
NB NY NY  
DAY, Charles H. (6619) MAD NATECHTRANCEN  
Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro  
DEAN, Francis M. (5849) FMPFpac to 3dMAW  
Miami  
EVANS, Alfred R. Jr. (2279) MCDS Phila to Pen  
FFT  
FINDSEN, Marlin W. (3133) MCDS Albany Ga  
to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
FORBES, Robert (3219) MCDS Phila to 2dMarDiv  
Lej  
FORRY, Thomas M. Jr. (1517) MCDS Phila to  
Pen FFT  
GIBBARD, Patrick F. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to  
Pen FFT  
GILFILLAN, William E. (3024) MCDS Phila to  
MCDS Albany Ga  
GLIDDEN, Clayton F. (5841) MD NaRetroCom  
Norfolk to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
GRIFFITH, Donald M. (0316) MCDS Phila to MB  
NB Phila  
HACKAYE, Steve J. Jr. (3534) MCDS Phila to  
Lej  
HEARON, David J. (6413) MARTO MARTC NAS  
Squantum Mass to MTG-20 AirFMFlant  
ChcPt AerNavScol  
HEWITT, James N. (0316) MarPac to MCRD PI  
RectrsScol

HIGGINBOTHAM, Wayne D. (6413) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro  
 HINNANT, William A. (2519) 2dMarDiv to Lej  
 HOWARD, Charles E. (6619) MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 HUDSON, William W. (3519) CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro  
 HUFFSTUTLER, Earl T. (0316) MarPac to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
 JONES, Clifford W. (3361) MB NGF WashDC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 KELLY, Ralph E. (3016) 2dMarDiv to Pen FFT  
 LANCASTER, Charles (6419) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 LYNN, Robert T. (6413) MARTD MARTC Miami to MARTD MARTC Memphis  
 MACKH, Charles F. (2511) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT  
 MARKIELEWSKI, Edward (0316) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
 MARSH, Charles C. (3534) MCDS Phila to Pen FFT  
 MC COLLUM, Thaddeus (4136) FMFLant Norfolk to MarPac  
 MC CULLEY, Donald J. (3419) MCDS Phila to MCS Quant  
 MC DANIEL, Justice (3271) MCAS Miami to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej  
 MC GUIRE, Richard M. (3413) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT  
 MC INTOSH, William P. (0300) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT  
 MENDON, Walter J. (5231) FMFPac to AirFMFPac El Toro  
 MERVOSH, Samuel (2119) MCDS Phila to MCS Quant  
 MINENKO, Alexander (3371) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro  
 MOYNAHAM, Martin L. (6412) MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro  
 O'MAHONY, John P. (6717) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro  
 PAGE, Frederick S. (3024) MB NGF WashDC to Pen FFT  
 PLAIR, Billie J. (3111) 2dMarDiv to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 PARSONS, Patrick E. (0776) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Pen  
 RAXVOZA, Richard J. (5861) MCDS Phila to MB NE Phila  
 ROMANELLO, Joseph R. (2119) MCDS Phila to Pen FFT  
 ROSINSKI, Norman E. (2611) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD SD RadioTecGrse  
 RYNARD, John E. (0147) MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe Kans to I&I 9thRIHCo USMCR NMCRTC Ft Wayne  
 SCHACHT, Edward A. (0335) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
 SLURFF, William C. (3371) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 SMITH, Ernest U. (2119) MCDS Phila to MCS Quant  
 SMITH, Frederick G. (3561) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
 SMITH, Ralph W. (3516) MCDS Phila to MCS Quant  
 SMITH, William J. (0147) I&I 5thTruckCo USMCR Newark NJ to I&I 7thRIHCo NARckt-TestSta Dover NJ  
 SPARKS, Charles R. (3516) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej  
 STACEY, Cecil (1536) FMFPac to Lej  
 STEFFY, Daniel (3014) MCDS Phila to 5thMCRD Arlington Va  
 STOFFEL, Donald F. (3133) MCDS Phila to MB NE Phila  
 SWANSON, Thomas H. (3371) MCS Quant to MCRD PI RectrsScol  
 SZREJTER, Edward N. (4611) MAD NABATRA-COM NAS Pensacola to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 THORNBURG, Martin R. (4136) HQMC to 3dMAW Miami  
 WARD, Frederick J. (3379) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 WARD, Joseph A. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NS Treasures FFT  
 WELLS, Paul R. (4136) 9thMCRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej  
 WHITTEN, Arnold P. (0316) MB NE Portsmouth NH to 2dMarDiv Lej  
 WHITWORTH, Jack R. (1871) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT  
 WIEST, Richard F. (3143) HQMC to MCDS Albany Ga  
 WILKINS, Elroy W. (3519) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT  
 ZINK, Charles G. (3516) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

mother, and she told me to write to you to find out what you'd say. I am sure my family would be very proud of me, especially my father. So, I would like very much to know about the reserve.

Until I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

Thank you kindly,  
 Bobbie Weber

881 - 37th Avenue

San Francisco, Calif.

● We are pleased to furnish the following information concerning enlistment in the regulars and reserves: The minimum age for enlistment in both the regular Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve is 18 years. Parental consent is required if an applicant is under 21. Each applicant is required to pass mental and physical examinations.

If you enlist in the regular Marine Corps, you would receive recruit train-

ing for a period of eight weeks at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C. Upon completion of the training, you would be assigned to duty at a post or station or at an advanced training school. Complete details on enlistment requirements and opportunities may be obtained from the Officer-in-Charge, Marine Corps Recruiting Station, Room 32, Federal Office Building, Fulton and Market Streets, San Francisco, Calif.

If you enlist in the Organized Marine Corps Reserve, you would receive training through participation in weekly drills with a Women's Organized Reserve Platoon. During the summer, as a member of the unit, you would undergo active duty for training for approximately two weeks at a Marine Corps installation. You would receive one day's pay and allowances during the summer training. A set of uniforms would also be furnished.

For further information on the reserve program, we suggest that you contact the Inspector-Instructor, 1st AAA-AW Battalion, USMCR, Navy and Marine Corps Reserve Training Center, Building Two, Treasure Island, San Francisco, Calif.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



"Sir, you forgot your . . ."





# IN RESERVE

Edited by Sgt. Hazel D. Calden

## Wreath Laying Ceremony

Each year on the Marine Corps Birthday, Reserve Officers in the Washington area honor Marine dead of all wars in an annual wreath laying ceremony at Arlington Cemetery.

This year the red and gold flowered Marine emblem was placed on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier by Colonel William P. McCahill of Arlington. Brigadier General Arthur H. Butler represented the Commandant and the invocation was read by Rear Admiral E. B. Harp, Navy Chief of Chaplains. Colonel William J. Burrows was in charge of the ceremony.

The drum and bugle corps and color guard of Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye, Washington, D. C., participated.

## Versatile First

When the budget of the 1st Engineer Battalion of Baltimore, Md., wouldn't meet the cost of a bridge, the outfit scrounged one from the officials of Baltimore. The battalion doesn't own the bridge exclusively, but it's theirs to repair and maintain. They need the bridge to get across the outfit's extensive program of MOS training.

In addition to its bridge work, the unit sinks its teeth into other engineering projects. They've erected a two-ton "I" beam roller chain hoist in the motor transport repair shop at Fort McHenry. The hoist will be used for MOS training by the motor transport men, working under the supervision of Master Sergeant D. C. Graham.

But the outfit's utilities training program under Battalion Utilities Chief, Master Sergeant S. J. King, isn't over-

shadowed; it operates its own still. Revenuers, however, have ignored the coiled gadget—there's no kick in the drippings when the "mash" is sea water.

## Reserve "Prospecting"

They're "prospecting" in the streets of Providence, R.I., these days, but the traditional pick and shovel have been replaced by 3x5 file cards.

Members of the Marine Corps Reserve 2nd 155mm. Howitzer Battalion are building their organization on the

premise that "thar's recruitin' gold in them thar reservists."

A small card is made up from data on NAVMC 10228-PF form, and this card is given to the battery having a vacancy in the man's MOS. The battery commander turns the card over to the prospect's nearest neighbor who then pays the man a personal call and then tells him about the benefits of joining the Organized Reserve.

The system hasn't been in use long but it appears to be successful. Released Marines with additional obligated military service who have been interviewed have shown a decided interest in the unit.

## Top Team

The volley ball team of the I & I staff of the 10th Automatic Weapons Battery of Kansas City trounced three local outfits to win the Army Kansas City Area Tournament. Colonel John W. Donnell, CO of the Army's Kansas City Records Center, presented gold volley balls to coach Master Sergeant C. T. Donnell's winning team.

## Navy Cross Award

A Marine Reserve Second Lieutenant, 24-year-old Phillip J. Burr, of Medfield, Mass., has received the Navy



Officers of the Marine Reserve pay their respects at the Unknown Soldier's Tomb. The annual ceremony takes place on November 10

Official USMC Photo

Cross for "extraordinary heroism in Korea."

The medal was awarded by Colonel John E. Weber, Director of the First Marine Reserve and Recruitment District, at a recent ceremony in Boston.

Although wounded three times on the night of October 2, 1952, Lieut. Burr continued to direct his men in the defense of a forward outpost. Although suffering from wounds, he made his way through the trenches in the face of withering enemy fire in order to encourage his men, pass ammunition, and supervise the evacuation of wounded men.

The lieutenant is now attending the Graduate School of Education at Boston University. After receiving his commission at Quantico, he went to Korea in 1952. Following his return Stateside for medical treatment, he was released from active service.



### Award for "The Rifleman"

The staff of "The Rifleman," mimeographed newspaper of the 2nd Rifle Company of New Rochelle, New York, is receiving congratulations for winning the Department of Defense Newspaper Award for the 3rd quarter of 1953. The paper was one of ten throughout the country to be so honored by this award.

### To The Dogs

English bull dogs who happened to have their television sets tuned in, recently heard and saw the recruiting pitch of two Marine sergeants.

The plea, telecast over WTOP-TV by Staff Sergeant Tom Whalen, a former radio correspondent of the 5th Reserve and Recruitment District, advised all



Official USMC Photo  
At Boston, Col. John E. Weber, Director, 1st District, presents the Navy Cross medal to Reserve 2dLt. Phillip J. Burr of Medfield, Mass.



Photo by Sgt. Eric Neff  
Pvt. Jiggs VI (L) takes the enlistment oath as MC School's mascot. Sgt. Jiggs V (R), mascot for past six years, retires on disability

prospective canines that "for advancement, opportunity and adventure," they could do no better than to join the Marines.

The other Marine involved in the telecast was Sergeant Jiggs V, retiring mascot of the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico. His furrowed brow gave credence to the urgency of the plea. The need for a replacement was desperate.

The pitch was successful, however, and when Sgt. Jiggs V was retired due to physical disability, his replacement was on hand. The new mascot, Private Jiggs VI, a young pedigreed English

bull dog, was donated to the Marine Corps by 10-year-old Brian Jillson of Washington, D. C.

Private Jiggs inherited his name when he assumed his office, but he'll have to earn the stripes himself. It took his predecessor nearly six years to make sergeant.

### Good Duty

Marines were asking for guard duty recently when Charlottesville held its Fourth Annual Apple Harvest Festival. Honor guards for Harvest Queen

TURN PAGE

## IN RESERVE (cont.)



Wendy Barrie and the eight princesses in her court were all lucky members of the First Supply Company of Charlottesville.

Climax of the two-day festival was the crowning of Miss Barrie, star of movies and television, by former Commandant, General A. A. Vandegrift.

### VTU Joint Session

Nine Volunteer Training Units in the Washington-Baltimore area were host to Colonel Mervyn Archdall, of the British Royal Marines, during the first joint session of the VTUs in the 5th MCRRD. The gathering took place in the auditorium of the Department of Commerce in Washington.

The guest speaker gave a brief account of the history of the Royal Marines and included the fact that the English also have a Volunteer Reserve Unit similar to ours.

Colonel Archdall's first encounter with the U.S. Marines occurred in 1928 when he introduced the intricacies of rugby to the China Marines.

Summing up his talk Colonel Archdall said of the Royal Marines, "We're very proud—very small—and very select."

The Director, 5th Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District, Colonel John R. Lanigan, announced the beginning of a campaign to build the largest VTU strength in the country within the boundaries of the 5th district.

END



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

Col. Mervyn Archdall, British Royal Marines, appeared as the guest speaker of the first VTU joint session in the 5th District



Photo by Sgt. Appleby, USMC

Former Commandant, General A. A. Vandegrift, crowned Miss Wendy Barrie, Harvest Queen at the Apple Harvest Festival





# "In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"

## Citations and Awards For Service in Korea.



### MEDAL OF HONOR

The President of the United States in the name of The Congress takes pride in presenting the Medal of Honor posthumously to: Second Lieutenant Sherrod E. Skinner, Jr. . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as an Artillery Forward Observer of Battery F, Second Battalion, Eleventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on the night of 26 October 1952. When his observation post in an extremely critical and vital sector of the main line of resistance was subjected to a sudden and fanatical attack by hostile forces, supported by a devastating barrage of artillery and mortar fire which completely severed communication lines connecting the outpost with friendly firing batteries, Second Lieutenant Skinner, in a determined effort to hold his position, immediately organized and directed the surviving personnel in the defense of the outpost, continuing to call down fire on the enemy by means of radio alone until this equipment became damaged beyond repair. Undaunted by the intense hostile barrage and the rapidly closing

attackers, he twice left the protection of his bunker in order to direct accurate machine-gun fire and to replenish the depleted supply of ammunition and grenades. Although painfully wounded on each occasion, he steadfastly refused medical aid until the rest of the men received treatment. As the ground attack reached its climax, he gallantly directed the final defense until the meager supply of ammunition was exhausted and the position overrun. During the three hours that the outpost was occupied by the enemy, several grenades were thrown into the bunker which served as protection for Second Lieutenant Skinner and his remaining comrades. Realizing that there was no chance for other than passive resistance, he directed his men to feign death even though the hostile troops entered the bunker and searched their persons. Later, when an enemy grenade was thrown between him and two other survivors, he immediately threw himself on the deadly missile in an effort to protect the others, absorbing the full force of the explosion and sacrificing his life for his comrades. By his indomitable fighting spirit, superb leadership and great personal valor in the face of tremendous odds, Second Lieutenant Skinner served to inspire

his fellow Marines in their heroic stand against the enemy and upheld the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

*President of the United States  
Dwight D. Eisenhower*

### MEDAL OF HONOR

The President of the United States in the name of The Congress takes pride in presenting the Medal of Honor posthumously to Staff Sergeant Lewis G. Watkins . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Guide of a Rifle Platoon of Company I, Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea during the hours of darkness on the morning of 7 October 1952. With his platoon assigned the mission of retaking an outpost which had been overrun by the enemy earlier in the night, Staff Sergeant Watkins skillfully led his unit in the assault up the designated hill. Although painfully wounded when a well-entrenched hostile force at the crest of the hill engaged the platoon with intense small-

TURN PAGE



## CITATIONS & AWARDS (cont.)

arms and grenade fire, he gallantly continued to lead his men. Obtaining an automatic rifle from one of the wounded men, he assisted in pinning down an enemy machine gun holding up the assault. When an enemy grenade landed among Staff Sergeant Watkins and several other Marines while they were moving forward through a trench on the hill crest, he immediately pushed his companions aside, placed himself in a position to shield them and picked up the deadly missile in an attempt to throw it outside the trench. Mortally wounded when the grenade exploded in his hand, Staff Sergeant Watkins, by his great personal valor in the face of almost certain death, saved the lives of several of his comrades and contributed materially to the success of the mission. His extraordinary heroism, inspiring leadership and resolute spirit of self-sacrifice reflect the highest credit upon himself and enhance the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

*President of the United States  
Dwight D. Eisenhower*

### MEDAL OF HONOR

The President of the United States in the name of The Congress takes pride in presenting the Medal of Honor posthumously to Staff Sergeant William E. Shuck, Jr. . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Squad Leader of Company G, Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 3 July 1952. When his platoon was subjected to a devastating barrage of enemy small-arms, grenade, artillery and mortar fire during an assault against strongly fortified hill positions well forward of the main line of resistance, Staff Sergeant Shuck, although painfully wounded, refused medical attention and continued to lead his machine-gun squad in the attack. Unhesitatingly assuming command of a rifle squad when the leader became a casualty, he skillfully organized the two squads into an attacking force and led two more daring assaults upon the hostile positions. Wounded a second time, he steadfastly refused evacuation and remained in the foremost position under heavy fire until assured that all dead and wounded were evacuated. Mortally wounded by an enemy sniper bullet

while voluntarily assisting in the removal of the last casualty, Staff Sergeant Shuck, by his fortitude and great personal valor in the face of overwhelming odds, served to inspire all who observed him. His unyielding courage throughout reflects the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

*President of the United States  
Dwight D. Eisenhower*

### MEDAL OF HONOR

The President of the United States in the name of The Congress takes pride in presenting the Medal of Honor posthumously to Private First Class John D. Kelly . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Radio Operator of Company C, First Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, (Reinforced),



in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 28 May, 1952. With his platoon pinned down by a numerically superior enemy force employing intense mortar, artillery, small-arms and grenade fire, Private First Class Kelly requested permission to leave his radio in the care of another man and to participate in an assault on enemy key positions. Fearlessly charging forward in the face of a murderous hail of machine-gun fire and hand grenades, he initiated a daring attack against a hostile strongpoint and personally neutralized the position, killing two of the enemy. Unyielding in the face of heavy odds, he continued forward and singlehandedly assaulted a machine-gun bunker. Although painfully wounded, he bravely charged the bunker and destroyed it, killing three of the enemy. Courageously continuing his one-man assault, he again stormed forward in a valiant attempt to wipe out a third bunker and boldly delivered point-blank fire into the

aperture of the hostile emplacement. Mortally wounded by enemy fire while carrying out this heroic action, Private First Class Kelly, by his great personal valor and aggressive fighting spirit, inspired his comrades to sweep on, overrun and secure the objective. His extraordinary heroism in the face of almost certain death reflects the highest credit upon himself and enhances the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

*President of the United States  
Dwight D. Eisenhower*

### MEDAL OF HONOR

The President of the United States in the name of The Congress takes pride in presenting the Medal of Honor posthumously to Private Jack W. Kelso . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Rifleman of Company I, Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 2 October 1952. When both the platoon commander and the platoon sergeant became casualties during the defense of a vital outpost against a numerically superior enemy force attacking at night under cover of intense small-arms, grenade and mortar fire, Private Kelso bravely exposed himself to the hail of enemy fire in a determined effort to reorganize the unit and to repel the onrushing attackers. Forced to seek cover, along with four other Marines, in a nearby bunker which immediately came under attack, he unhesitatingly picked up an enemy grenade which landed in the shelter, rushed out into the open and buried it back at the enemy. Although painfully wounded when the grenade exploded as it left his hand, and again forced to seek the protection of the bunker when the hostile fire became more intensified, Private Kelso refused to remain in his position of comparative safety and moved out into the fire-swept area to return the enemy fire, thereby permitting the pinned-down Marines in the bunker to escape. Mortally wounded while providing covering fire for his comrades, Private Kelso, by his valiant fighting spirit, aggressive determination and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of others, served to inspire all who observed him. His heroic actions sustain and enhance the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

*President of the United States  
Dwight D. Eisenhower*

## THE NAVY CROSS

*"... for extraordinary heroism ..."*

Capt. Clarence G. Moody, Jr.  
1stLt. Arthur R. Bancroft (Posthumous)  
2dLt. Philip J. Burr  
2dLt. Martin L. Givot (Posthumous)  
2dLt. David L. Hyde (Posthumous)  
2dLt. Donald L. Parks (Posthumous)  
2dLt. John G. Word  
TSgt. Edwin L. Knox  
SSgt. William B. Chain, Jr.  
SSgt. Joseph J. Louder  
SSgt. Will A. Thompson (Posthumous)  
Sgt. Perry A. Mallette  
Sgt. Howard Ryan (Posthumous)  
Pfc Rodney J. Green  
Pfc Francis R. Thomas, Jr. (Posthumous)

## SILVER STAR MEDAL

*"... for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy ..."*

LtCol. Francis F. Parry  
Maj. Robert J. Barbour  
Capt. David A. Clement  
Capt. Stanley D. Curyea (Posthumous)  
Capt. Francis E. Finch  
Capt. Harold Z. Gray  
Capt. Malcolm A. Hill  
Capt. James M. Landrigan  
Capt. Leonard L. Orr  
Capt. Robert O. Peck  
Capt. Edgar F. Remington  
2dLt. John L. Babson, Jr. (Posthumous)  
2dLt. Donald C. Colburn (Posthumous)  
2dLt. Ernest O. Northcutt, Jr.  
2dLt. Darrell O. Smith (Posthumous)  
MSgt. Richard R. Vottero  
SSgt. Juan C. Rubio, Jr.  
SSgt. Ralph E. Surber (Posthumous) (2d Award)  
SSgt. Dushan J. Zobenica  
Sgt. Edwin H. Breaux  
Sgt. Orin W. Dooley  
Sgt. Charles L. Edwards  
Sgt. Fred Farris (Posthumous)  
Sgt. Page L. Keith (Posthumous)  
Sgt. Jess E. Meado  
Sgt. Robert J. Nicora, Jr. (Posthumous)  
Sgt. John E. Perry  
Sgt. Paul G. Schick  
Corp. Buddy E. Allison (Posthumous)  
Corp. Francis A. Brennan  
Corp. Marvin J. Dennis (Posthumous)  
Corp. Richard Hawela  
Corp. Charles R. Hyde (Posthumous)  
Corp. Richard L. Mechanic (Posthumous)  
Corp. Clarence S. Mengler (Posthumous)  
Corp. Lewis M. Sims  
Pfc Gale M. Coulford  
Pfc Billy R. Callum  
Pfc Bernard A. Demski  
Pfc "J" "C" Cleghorn  
Pfc Isaac Del Toro (Posthumous)  
Pfc Robert H. Erwin  
Pfc Edward F. Lamers (Posthumous)  
Pfc Henry J. Magolan (Posthumous)  
Pfc Oliver G. Martinez (Posthumous)  
Pfc Pedro J. Perelles (Posthumous)  
Pfc William Perry (Posthumous)  
Pfc Leroy T. Pope  
Pfc Rafael Rodriguez-Gonzalez  
Pfc Virgil C. Shelley, Jr. (Posthumous)  
Pfc Harold N. Snyder  
Pfc William C. Verner  
Pfc Eugene F. Voss (Posthumous)  
Pvt. Melvin P. Gamache (Posthumous)

## LEGION OF MERIT

*"... for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States ..."*

Col. Owen A. Chambers  
Col. Leroy Hauser  
Col. Richard D. Hughes  
Col. James E. Mills  
Col. Charles J. Quilter  
Col. Charles S. Todd  
Col. Harvey C. Tschirgi (2d Award)

LtCol. Alexander D. Cerechina  
LtCol. Russell Duncan  
LtCol. Frederick R. Findtner  
LtCol. Earl W. Gardner  
LtCol. Harold Granger  
LtCol. Richard M. Huizenga  
LtCol. Sidney F. Jenkins  
LtCol. Olin W. Jones  
LtCol. Henry G. Lawrence, Jr.  
LtCol. Frank A. Long  
LtCol. Henry S. Massie  
LtCol. Alfred L. Owens  
LtCol. Jonas M. Platt  
LtCol. Richard D. Strickler  
Maj. Ardell Ebel  
Maj. Charles S. Robertson  
Capt. Ben Price

## DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

*"... for extraordinary achievement in aerial flights ..."*

*"Gold Star in lieu of ... award"*

LtCol. James K. Dill (4th Award)  
LtCol. Louis R. Smunk (4th Award)  
Maj. Gordon L. Allen (4th Award)  
Maj. Bruce J. Matheson (4th Award)  
LtCol. Walter R. Bartosh (3rd Award)  
LtCol. Arthur M. Moran (3rd Award)  
Maj. Lloyd B. Dochterman, Jr. (3rd Award)  
Maj. James G. Fox (3rd Award)  
Maj. Marvin K. Hollenbeck (3rd Award)



Maj. "H" L. Jacobi (3rd Award)  
Maj. Mervin L. Taylor (3rd Award)  
Capt. Eugene D. Cameron (3rd Award)  
Capt. Carlton M. Green (3rd Award)  
Capt. Morris L. Johnson (3rd Award)  
Capt. Bernard W. Peterson (3rd Award)  
Capt. George L. Wineriter (3rd Award)  
1stLt. Robert C. McKay (3rd Award)  
LtCol. George C. Axtell, Jr. (2nd Award)  
LtCol. Graham M. Benson (2nd Award)  
LtCol. John B. Berteling (2nd Award)  
LtCol. Richard M. Huizenga (2nd Award)  
LtCol. Winston E. Jewson (2nd Award)  
Maj. John F. Bolt (2nd Award)  
Maj. Lloyd B. Dochterman (2nd Award)  
Maj. Donald J. Gekri (2nd Award)  
Maj. Fred J. Gilhuly (2nd Award)  
Capt. Robert King, Jr. (2nd Award)  
Capt. Spencer D. Moseley (2nd Award)  
Capt. Conrad H. Petersen (2nd Award)  
1stLt. Timothy J. Keane, Jr. (2nd Award)  
2dLt. Marcus D. McNally (2nd Award)

## DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award)

LtCol. Stoddard G. Cortelyou  
LtCol. Roy R. Hewitt  
LtCol. Rufus D. Sams, Jr.  
Maj. Philip B. Anderson  
Maj. John D. Beck  
Maj. Paul "F" Bent  
Maj. David Cleeland  
Maj. Norman "L" Hamm  
Maj. Billie R. Hanbey  
Maj. John A. Hood  
Maj. Edward C. Kicklighter  
Maj. James H. Magill  
Maj. Samuel J. Mantel, Jr.  
Maj. Alton W. McCully

Maj. Donald A. McMillan  
Maj. Harry R. Moore  
Maj. Robert H. Nuess  
Maj. Harry A. Stahlstrom  
Maj. Eugene A. Wailes  
Capt. Robert V. Anderson  
Capt. Robert O. Barnum  
Capt. Richard W. Benton  
Capt. William Biehl, Jr.  
Capt. John D. Bonner  
Capt. Henry F. Brandon  
Capt. Joseph E. Burns  
Capt. Robert Bury  
Capt. John Cassidy  
Capt. Nephi C. Christensen  
Capt. John H. Doering, Jr.  
Capt. James G. Dusenbury  
Capt. Charles W. Eckhart  
Capt. Loren T. Erickson  
Capt. Karl W. Eschle  
Capt. Frank B. Francis  
Capt. William D. Fries  
Capt. Lewis W. Gillis  
Capt. Vernon J. Graving  
Capt. Robert D. Green  
Capt. John S. Grosh  
Capt. Jerry N. Hendershot  
Capt. James D. Ireland  
Capt. Thomas D. Ireland  
Capt. Russell W. Kuehl  
Capt. Francis D. Kurtz  
Capt. Elmer "M" Lewis  
Capt. Charles H. Ludden  
Capt. Charles L. Manley  
Capt. George W. Martin  
Capt. William C. McGraw, Jr.  
Capt. George F. McLaughlin  
Capt. George R. Miller  
Capt. Joseph R. L. Miller  
Capt. Westrick Norris  
Capt. Ray D. Pineo  
Capt. James W. Shank  
Capt. George E. Smith  
Capt. Josiah A. Spaulding  
Capt. Robert E. Steed  
Capt. Warren S. Stevens  
Capt. Charles E. Street, Jr.  
Capt. Roy M. Taylor  
Capt. Myron E. Thomas, Jr.  
Capt. Lyle V. Tope  
Capt. Edward G. Usher, Jr.  
Capt. Martin T. Wagenhoffer  
Capt. Charles M. Wallace, Jr.  
Capt. Dale L. Ward  
Capt. Gerald M. Ware  
Capt. Robert D. Woodbury, Jr.  
1stLt. Leonard C. Balcom  
1stLt. Vance E. Brown  
1stLt. Thomas H. Davis, III  
1stLt. Roland W. Dexter  
1stLt. Irwin Fehér  
1stLt. Clifford S. Godwin  
1stLt. William J. Goodsell  
1stLt. Robert D. Hatch  
1stLt. Thomas P. Hensler, Jr.  
1stLt. Richard Lyons  
1stLt. Paul A. Manning  
1stLt. Lloyd A. Merriman  
1stLt. Walter F. Niemann, Jr.  
1stLt. James R. Purvis  
1stLt. Hasil S. Thomas  
2dLt. Earl D. Cecil  
2dLt. Lewis C. Habash  
2dLt. Charles E. Holloway, Jr.  
2dLt. Richard J. Kern  
2dLt. William G. Langley  
2dLt. Charles G. Newmark  
2dLt. Burton W. Randall  
2dLt. Thomas L. Spurr  
2dLt. Iver W. Trebon  
2dLt. Ivan L. Watts  
MSgt. Arthur B. Chestnut  
MSgt. William E. Zbella  
TSgt. Charles A. Lawrence

## NAVY - MARINE CORPS MEDAL

*"... for heroic conduct ..."*

Maj. James J. Cooper  
CWO Harry M. Towle  
SSgt. Nicholas F. Krajacic  
Sgt. Barbara O. Barnwell  
Sgt. Edgar S. Roberts, Jr.  
Corp. Peter G. Esposito  
Pfc Norman L. Bernier  
Pfc Michiel Trkulja, Jr.



## AKAs

[continued from page 29]

special "NCO bunkroom," well located just aft the chief's bunkroom. They eat first, in the Marine's chow line, in the crew's large mess compartment.

Sergeants and below berth below decks. Some are assigned to a troop compartment with permanently-rigged, spring bottom bunks close by the forward crew's berthing compartment. Others berth in two special troop compartments which occupy the 1st level (just below the main deck level) of number one and two holds. Here, toward the forward part of the ship, bunks are of the temporarily-rigged, canvas bottom type. No cold steel decks for those berthed here; they walk on the large woden hatch boards which separate their compartment from lower levels of the hold containing cargo. Those berthed below decks also take their meals in the crew's mess hall, using the ship's mess gear.

More often than not there are a few empty lockers of the full-size, upright type in the chiefs' quarters. Master sergeants naturally put these to use. The staffs and techs berthed in the NCO bunkroom avail themselves of the several steel lockers mounted in that compartment. Those berthed below decks, however, carry on in the true tradition. During a straight haul job they live out of their sea bags. During an assault landing they live out of their transport packs.

When an AKA adds from 80 to 140 troop passengers to its 300-man crew it does not undergo quite the strain that its sister-type ship, the APA, does when the APA adds 1000 men to its 300. Nevertheless the AKA is never a luxury liner under the best of conditions. So, with troops aboard, its living facilities are somewhat taxed. To make the best of this condition a system of staggered periods or "hours" is brought into play.

For example, the sailors eat "first chow" while the Marines eat "second chow." "First" and "second" here mean time of being served — not quality. Quality is the same for both meals and is considered high.

A final group in the "hours" category is the well known and much maligned *water hours*. They're a necessary evil, though. Here's the set-up. AKAs have a normal capacity for making fresh water from salt water, but if fresh water is available in the wash rooms at all hours it will be used at all hours. The ship's tanks will soon be so low at this rate that not enough fresh water would be left to feed the ship's boilers or supply the galley, laundry, sick bay and scuttlebutts. Consequently, fresh water is fed to the wash room taps only at designated periods of 30 or 45 minutes in the early morning, at mid day and in the evening. These periods are staggered for the Sailors and Marines on a share and share alike basis. This system enables all hands on board to wash up and take a quick shower regularly.

Marines taking an ocean voyage on

an AKA soon find that their military duties have not been left ashore. Shortly after a unit reports aboard, a *Ship's Guard* is established. This includes a duty officer, a sergeant of the guard and eight or 10 corporals of the guard. The latter stand four-hour watches while the duty officer and sergeant stand day's duties. The NCO bunkroom serves as headquarters for the Ship's Guard.

It is fortunate that this bunkroom is centrally located, for Marine sentry posts are spread throughout the ship, and the main job of the guard is to supervise the sentries. Well forward, on the raised forecastle, is one post; well aft, on the raised poop deck is another. Sentries are assigned to each of the five holds and to the three main troop berthing compartments. In addition, when dangerous cargo is carried it must be stowed topside on the main deck. This includes high explosive ammunition, pyrotechnics and fuses. Its presence calls for a sentry to be stationed nearby.

Other men draw duty as orderly to the ship's captain and to the troop officer. One sergeant stands duty with the ship's master-at-arms force. He acts as liaison between the MAA force and the troops. Another sergeant is stationed in the mess compartment to assist the ship's MAA at meal time.

Housekeeping duties fall to others—men who look after the troop compartments and the adjoining wash rooms. Others draw daily duties, working hand in glove with the ship's crewmen. These men turn to in the galley, bake shop, laundry, spud locker, food-serving line, scullery and barber shop.

Despite all these duties, on a man-for-man basis, a goodly amount of spare time remains. The Marine training program takes up some of this time with familiar lectures and demonstrations on various military subjects of a general nature. Before an assault landing, however, these instruction periods are devoted to briefings on the oncoming operation: order of vehicles in leaving the ship, location of numbered beaches and ammo and supply dumps and composition of motor pools.

"Gangway . . . ship's company!" is a saying supposedly heard aboard ships which carry large numbers of military passengers. When used by members of the ship's crew a clustered group of troops breaks up and makes a pathway for the exalted naval person. This scene, unfortunately, has some basis in fact. But it is a testimony to the AKA that 'bout the only time "gangway" is heard about the decks is when someone refers to an opening in the side of the ship through which the gangplank projects.

END



## IN THE OLD CORPS

[continued from page 43]

passed. Murry Carr received, simultaneously, his sergeant's stripes and, much more important, his service stripes. They looked good, contrasting with his campaign ribbons and two battle stars.

His wallet bulged with money. He decided to celebrate the acquisition of his service stripes with his best girl, at his adopted bar on the outskirts of San Diego.

The booths were occupied; Murry and Jo Ann sat at the bar. The pretty girl beside him, his new stripes and a few drinks keyed Murry up and gave him an expansive feeling.

"So, like I've been saying," he said, "all these things bothered me. I felt inadequate and useless. I worried. I don't mean I lost sleep, but I'd start thinking at the oddest times . . ."

A lone man sat down quietly next to Jo Ann and signaled the bartender.

Murry continued. "Well, anyway, I won't worry any more. I've earned all the stripes on my uniform and I'm proud of them; the service stripes most of all. Makes me feel sort of good inside . . . I feel like I've finally arrived."

Jo Ann, her face apologetic, said, "Well, I hate to tear you down, Murry, but—well, you know my father was a Marine, and he always said a man with less than two service stripes wasn't very much use to the Corps."

Murry deflated. Holy Cow, even from Jo Ann!

"Dad always said . . ."

"Your dad was a smart cookie, young lady."

Startled, both Murry and Jo Ann stared at the source of the interruption.

The man on the next stool added, "Yessir, your dad was a smart cookie." He looked at Murry, and said, "I been listening to you, boy, and the girl's dad is right. Of course, he was in the Old Corps. Why, I see you only got one service stripe. You haven't even paid back the Corps for training you yet. You haven't arrived, you've hardly started!"

The man laid his arm on the bar, and pointed to his sleeve. "You see that? Five hashmarks . . . joined the Corps back in 1932."

They noted, indeed, that the man had five stripes low on his sleeve. He continued, "But, of course, that was back in the Old Corps. They only took men then. None of this . . ."

Murry didn't hear the rest; he was heading rapidly for the door. His heart ached; his (continued on page 77)

# Free..



... with each (\*)  
RENEWED subscription  
to *Leatherneck*

\* while supply lasts

## *Gyrene Gyngles*

... 96 hilarious pages  
of specially selected cartoons  
and poems. It's loaded with laughs  
for anyone who wants to chuckle with (or,  
possibly, at) Marines!

FREE with every RENEWED subscription

Orders MUST be on coupon below  
WITH payment enclosed.



KEEP YOUR LEATHERNECK  
coming to you and  
GET A BONUS TOO!

### Leatherneck Magazine

I want the FREE COPY OF GYRENE GYNGLES  
RENEW my present subscription for:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 years \$9.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 years \$5.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 years \$7.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 year \$3.00  |

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

\*Present Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is payment in

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

\*If your address has changed within the past two months, please list old address below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
OLD Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 61]

### OBLIGATED SERVICE

Dear Sir:

There has been some question in my mind as to my period of obligated service, if any. Some of the men with whom I work say I must have obligated service, since I enlisted after June, 1948. However, I maintain that I have no obligated service at all. Here are the facts surrounding my case:

In April, 1951, I enlisted in the Marine Corps for a period of three years, such enlistment expiring in April, 1954. This means that I am not a five-year obligor since I will have served three full years. This further eliminates me from the six-year period as it applies only to those who enlisted for one year after June, 1948, and prior to June, 1951. Neither am I an eight-year obligor in view of the fact that I did enlist prior to June 19, 1951.

Am I correct in my analysis, or is there some matter I neglected to take into consideration?

Sgt. T. Van Meter  
Inspector-Instructor Staff  
1st. Cargo Co., USMCR,  
Houston, Texas

● *You are correct. However, be sure that you serve the full three years or you may find yourself a five-year obligor.—Ed.*

### PERFECT TEETH

I think I have run across the reason why all Marines must have 18 perfect teeth.

This qualification, according to my source of information, began with, during, or before the Civil War. It seems that when loading one's musket each

individual held a musket ball in his teeth to lubricate it before pushing it out with his tongue while the barrel was held to his mouth. Thus, no teeth, no Marine.



Please relate whether or not this is scuttlebutt.

James C. Flint  
215 North 4th Street,  
East Grand Forks, Minn.

● *So far as we know it's scuttlebutt.—Ed.*

### BORN TOO SOON

Dear Sir:

Having had the honor of serving in the USMC from December, 1899, to December, 1904, and receiving an honorable discharge as Sergeant of Marines, I take this opportunity of stating a few facts relative to conditions then and at present.

At the turn of the Century we were emerging from the Era of wooden ships and iron men, so called. Enlisted personnel, at that period, were paid \$13.00 per month for Stateside or \$15.60 for foreign service, with 20 cents deduction for hospital fees. Even in those days, the wages in purchasing power were not equivalent to the salaries of today. At the expiration of my enlistment, I

was paid off with \$121.08 which was considered quite a nest egg.

I merely mention these facts so that the present rank and file may realize the opportunities a benevolent government has granted them in the last half century, which include Life Insurance, Loans for Housing and Business, Medical and Dental Treatment, Furloughs and Bonuses. No enlisted man should have a gripe today, with these benefits. I say "Good Luck Buddy. May the good life continue. I am not criticizing you, I was born 50 years too soon to receive these benefits."

Always remember the old Marines for what they did and endured. They too, were a credit to the USMC.

Frank E. Abbott  
32 Ashland Street,  
Medford 55, Mass.

● *We agree, Mr. Abbott, the services today offer a great deal more than they did half a century ago.—Ed.*

### TOUR WITH THIRD DIVISION

Dear Editor:

Could you set me straight on this matter? I have heard so many versions of it. How long is the tour of duty for Marines of the Third Marine Division now stationed in Japan? Is it true that it is 11 to 14 months at the present time and may eventually be raised to 16 months?

Darlene Blok  
Hickory Haven Farms,  
Chetlain Lane,  
Galena, Ill.

● *The tour of duty for Marines of the Third Division now stationed in Japan is 11 to 14 months and may go to 16. However, Marines due for release prior to completion of the normal 14-month tour, will be returned to the United States in time for their scheduled discharge.—Ed.*

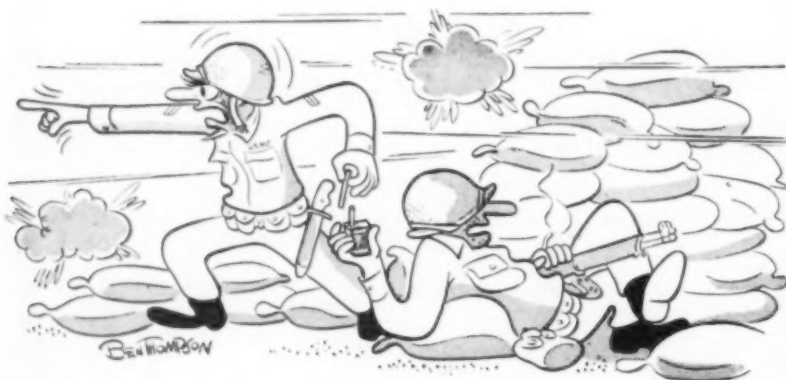
### VERBAL GREETING

Dear Sir:

I have a suggestion. Why couldn't we have a verbal greeting for enlisted Marines? Sure, we say hello to the Marines we know, but when walking the avenue, a Marine will pass another without saying a word. The Marine Corps is the finest team ever and a little word of greeting, such as "Hi" would continue to develop the pride of being a member of one happy family which is the greatest team of men in the world.

Pfc Ronald R. Martinez  
Marine Corps Depot of Supplies,  
100 Harrison Street,  
San Francisco, California

● *Your idea deserves consideration.—Ed.*



"Tanks!" "Don't mention it!"



## HOW DID I GET HERE?

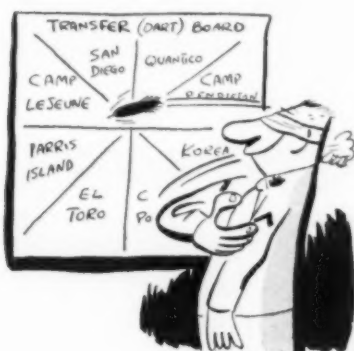
[continued from page 20]

"Case files?" Jimmy asked.

"They're like transcripts of Marine Corps careers. Just about everything is there including a man's record books, fitness reports, commendation letters; it's actually a neat package of his service in the Corps."

"Do I have one of those, too?" I asked.

"You bet you do," the Sergeant Major answered. "Of course, in your case you don't have fitness reports yet—you'll get them with your next stripe—



but everything else is in there."

"The Gunny said something about a Navy Annex. Do they have a special building for all these monitors and case files and everything?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"You're getting me away from the subject a little bit but I thought maybe you people knew all about Headquarters before I started all this. You see, HQMC isn't actually in Washington; it's in Arlington, Virginia."

"How come mail goes to Washington when you write a letter to Headquarters then?"

"That Washington 25 you see on letters is just a mailing address. Anyhow, HQMC has space in this building right across the street from Arlington National Cemetery. A couple of Navy Bureaus are in there with 'em but Headquarters takes up about half the building."

"I'd like to see what Headquarters looks like," I said with that dreamy Stateside look in my eyes.

"When you get back from this tour of duty overseas you should take a trip to the Navy Annex. You'll prob-

ably find Headquarters entirely different from what you expect. Even people like me who have pulled a complete tour up there and have seen the place first hand still have a tough time describing the complete setup. Sure does operate though. You think the traffic is tough in Tokyo, you should see it around Headquarters. The Pentagon is only about a mile down the hill toward Washington. Superhighways, cloverleafs and cars are all over the place. Hardly any place to park, either. Some of the people come in as early as seven in the morning just to be able to park near where they work . . . But this has nothing to do with the transfer deal I was telling you about and I've got to get back to the Battalion. Where were we?"

"You were telling us how a monitor picks somebody for independent duty."

"Oh yes. Well, he breaks out these case files and starts checking over them. Several of the people under consideration will have better fitness reports than the others; this is taken into account. Then maybe one of them has a letter of indebtedness or something else in his case against him. That eliminates him right away."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"A guy who can't keep his affairs squared away sure shouldn't represent the Corps out among the public," the old Sergeant Major said.

That sounded reasonable to me and I felt like a good boy as I had just

come off independent duty so my record must be OK. I bent my ear to the Sergeant Major as he went on.

"By this slow but thorough process the monitor finally gets his man. His recommendation goes through the officer-in-charge of his unit for the final OK or disapproval. All transfers have to go through this officer. Personalities don't enter into it."

"Now I've got to get back to the CP," the Sergeant Major said as he headed for the doorway of the tent. "Maybe I've cleared up a few things in your minds, and maybe I haven't but I did want to make one thing clear—you can bet that no one gets the blunt end of transfers. They're just as fair as men and machines can make them."

"When I get up this way next time we can talk some more about this or about something else you don't understand about Headquarters. It's no strain on me—and bring in some of your buddies; there are too few men in the Corps who know how it's run. Just about everyone you meet has the wrong idea on Headquarters and like I say, it's no strain on me to try to explain it to them."

"Weoo," Jimmy said after the Sergeant Major had gone. "He cleared the transfer system up pretty well for me, but I wanted to ask him about the promotion system the Corps uses. Better ask him about that the next time he gets up this way."

END



"Where's your National Defense Service Ribbon?"

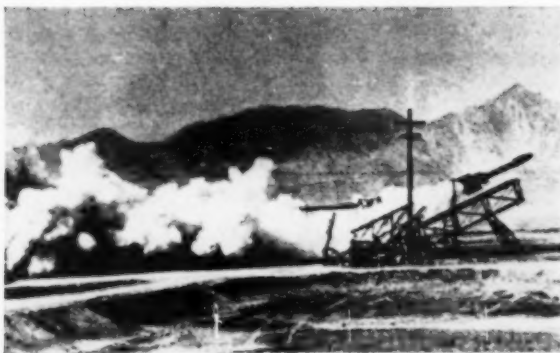
# Dig These Crazy Captions



"Call that one a strike, will you!"



"Where's that kid with the 83 gun?"



"My Gawd! It's after 4:30!"



"And the name of this part is . . . is . . .  
Let's see that Guidebook again!"



"But . . . but I thought you had  
the amm!"



"But we've never been out with  
Marines!"



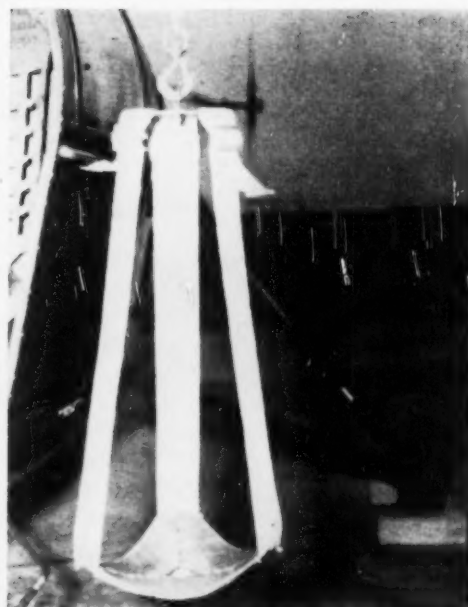
"... And this is where it really  
gets interesting—the ..."



"Gesundheit!"



"How could you have forgotten  
a thing like tooth paste?!"



"Thrilling ride, wasn't it,  
Lt. Jones? ... Lt. Jones? ...  
Lt. Jones!"

END



## FOUR STAR VISIT

[continued from page 17]

way back in 1917 that Second Lieutenant Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., checked in with the regimental sergeant major. He stayed with the Fifth through World War I, rising to commanding officer of the Second Battalion.

At each stop the Commandant talked to as many individual officers and men as possible. His roving eyes, capable of taking in the entire scene in a fraction of a second, went from face to face of officers and enlisted men alike. His amazing memory, coupled with a quick eye, makes it possible for him to easily recall a past friend or a former member of an old command. When he finds one, it's time for a short chat despite the time-watching guides.

He had the same words for both the small and large groups on hand at each inspection point. He said—and meant it—that he hoped they would be home soon. Then he added a word of caution, "But you know, better than I, that we must remain alert."

On his second day of touring front-line positions the Commandant inspected the Division's Demilitarized Police Company at their immaculate Camp Semper Fidelis. Even the name of the camp gave General Shepherd a strong indication of the high morale of the unit and as he passed through the ranks of the hand picked DMZ police, he repeatedly remarked on the smart

appearance of the men. Each stood at rigid attention, wearing salty, oft-washed dungarees with spit-shined shoes, polished brass and glossy white helmets gleaming in the sun.

"This is one of the proudest moments of my career," he told the men. "Never has there been a finer unit in the Marine Corps."

He also told them that the Defense Department in Washington, including the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was aware of the outstanding job the DMZ company was doing in patrolling the UN portion of the buffer zone.

After General Shepherd left the area the company commander turned to his men and declared proudly, "That proves our sign is absolutely correct!"

He was referring to the large signpost at the entrance of the camp which reads: "Through these gates pass the sharpest damn Marines in all the world."

Camera shutters clicked continuously throughout the General's tour as Marines grasped every opportunity to get the boss on film. In many instances the Commandant stopped momentarily to give the shutterbugs a chance to get their pictures. On reaching the Division's schools center, General Shepherd turned the tables on the many Marine photographers.

"You've been taking my picture all day," he told them, "now I'll take one of you." He broke out his camera, took a light reading and caught a lot of Marines who had gathered around in anticipation of just one more good shot.

A United Nations touch was added at the Seventh Marines' CP as General

Shepherd was greeted by a retreat parade of kilted Scots. The traditional Scottish musicians came over to help their neighboring regiment of Marines honor their Commandant. After the retreat, the pipes of the First Battalion of the Royal Scottish Regiment skirled through marches and reels for the Commandant and his party.

As the time allotted to units of the First Marine Division drew to an end, General Shepherd closed his inspection tour with visits to the Korean Marine units, another flying trip to the 11th Marines and then on to Easy Medical Company, the Kimpo Provisional Regiment and Ascom City, the division's major service and supply facility.

There were more Marines in South Korea waiting for a visit from the Commandant and they weren't disappointed. On his way south he visited the First Marine Air Wing's MAG 12, the First AAA Battalion, the First Combat Service Group and the Korean Marine training center, now a permanent part of the South Korean military program.

It was late the same afternoon that the inspecting party flew back to Japan and landed at the Marines' air base at Itami, the home of Marine Squadron 253 who, assisted by Squadron 152, keeps the R&R program operating by flying Division Marines between Korea and Japan.

The arrival of the Commandant climaxed the first half of the inspecting tour and heralded the start of a tour of Third Marine Division installations scattered from Kobe to Tokyo. Utilizing the Division's helicopters, General Shepherd, accompanied by General Pepper, covered some 400 miles, visiting the Fourth Marines at Nara, other units at Otsu and the Division headquarters and home of the Ninth Marines at Gifu. He saw the large training base at the foot of Mount Fuji where the Third Marines were holding maneuvers.

Here, too, the Commandant saw another of his Marine divisions preparing for any eventuality. They were playing their roles as a part of the security forces in Japan with a training schedule that would equal their Stateside maneuvers. This was the "Three-Dimensional Division," trained in airborne, amphibious and atomic warfare.

The tour northward from Itami to Tokyo was an appropriate end to a visit which took in both Marine defensive and offensive tactics. From the bunkers of the First Marine Division "on line" south of the buffer zone and their training areas still farther in the rear, to the training grounds of the Third, the Commandant saw two Marine Divisions ready for peace or war.



"Let's be fair. Let's inspect this place once more before we declare it off limits."



*Joyce Chrest*

# Post WWII Light Automatics

## PART 3



Madsen M1945 SMG—Cal. 9mm.—Standard



Madsen M1945 SMG  
Cal. 9mm.  
Folding Stock



Madsen M1945 SMG  
Cal. 9mm.  
With Stock Folded



Madsen M1946 SMG—Cal. 9mm.—Folding Stock



Latin South American SMG

by Roger Marsh

**S**HORTLY AFTER THE removal of German occupation troops from Denmark, the Madsen Company of the Danish Industry Syndicate brought out a new sub-machine gun to replace the "Suomi Pistol" which the firm had been making under license.

The new arm, known as the Model 1945, was available either as a standard arm with wooden butt or as a folding-stock arm with pistol grip. It was a blowback, chambered for the 9-mm. Parabellum. The weapon was little more than a scaled-up automatic pistol in that its bolt or slide extended forward around the barrel and its separate firing system operated from the closed-bolt position.

The fact that the forward position of the slide was unguarded (a detriment to any gunner with long fingers) and the high cost of the weapon may have made it necessary to discontinue production on the arm after about a year. In 1946 the firm brought out a genuinely remarkable arm.

The Madsen M1946 is basically two flat pans of metal hinged together at the rear end, having receiving surfaces for the barrel at the front end formed to accept a rectangular-section bolt.

To field-strip the arm, you need only remove the assembly cap from the rear end of the barrel, lift off the finger piece and lay open the gun like a book.



Czech C2-47 (top)

Spanish Star SMG (bottom)



Everything simply "lifts out" from there on.

The Czechs brought out another interesting arm, the CZ-47, which, at first glance, appears to be conventional. On closer examination the receiver and barrel seem to pass through and are carried by bearing rings (a sort of trunnion cradle) in the stock group, which also carries the sights. With this one, you can swing receiver, barrel and magazine housing so that the magazine extends straight down or sticks out to the left. Very original.

The new Spanish Star appears to include many features of the German MP-40. The redesigners of the weapon have, however, added a handguard around the barrel and changed other features such as the cocking handle and magazine carrier.

A new submachine gun is apparently fast gaining popularity in Latin America. This arm was heralded last Fall in *La Prensa* as the coming thing in Peru and has more recently been the subject of an extensive article in *Armas y Anzuelos*, published in Mexico

City. It is a fairly conventional military-type machine pistol available in .45 ACP, Super .38 and 9-mm. Parabellum. A straight blowback, it is an extremely sturdy weapon designed for manufacture with limited facilities and for use by untrained personnel. However, this is no innovation; ever since the Chaco War of the early 30s, considerable quantities of submachine guns have been floating around South America—as a matter of fact, in some places this weapon is actually considered common!

END

## IN THE OLD CORPS

[continued from page 69]

shoulders again slumped forward. He still hadn't arrived! Howin hell did a Marine get to be a Marine?

Blindly he circled the block several times. Finally he stopped at a street intersection. The light was red and Murry waited for it to change. He felt a tugging at his sleeve and looked down on a bewhiskered old man standing idly on the curb beside him. His clothes were ragged and shabby.

The old man was looking closely at the Marine's trousers. "That's a Marine uniform ain't it, sonny? Sure it is. Why, I was a Marine in the Old Corps. But that was way back someplace." The old man stared blankly at Murry's collar emblems, and platoons of ghost Marines paraded before his eyes. "They had men in the outfit then. You could be proud of the Corps then. Why, I remember . . ."

Murry said curtly. "Yeah. I know. tell me about the days back in '02 when you had the '03. Shove off, old man."

"Whoa, sonny. Didn't aim to displease you none. I'm just an old man recollectin' his own better days, 'sall."

Murry suddenly felt apologetic. "Sorry, pop. How about a drink?"

"Sure, boy. Be glad to tell you a few tales of the Old Corps. Let's go in there." The old man pointed down the street to Murry's adopted bar. Murry smiled, took the old man's arm and led the way.

Jo Ann and hashmarks were still at the bar. Murry and the old man found an empty booth.

"Yeah, them was the days, boy. Why, I remember a sergeant we had. He was the biggest man . . ."

"Where did you disappear to?"

Murry looked up to see Jo Ann and the hashmark Marine standing beside the booth. He answered, "Oh, I just went around the block a couple times. I needed the air."

The old man stared at the newcomers. "I'm sorry," said Jo Ann. "I didn't mean to . . ."

"Say, another Marine," interrupted the old man. He stared at hashmarks, and his lined face wrinkled in a delighted grin. Ignoring the five service stripes, the old man said, "Sit down, sonny. I was just going to tell your friend here some stories about the Old Corps."

"Sonny!" said hashmarks in a hurt

voice. "Look, pop, I wear five service stripes. That means 20 years."

The old man wiped out that remark with a wave of the hand. "I seen 'em, sonny. Don't feel bad. You'll get more of them purty stripes. I spent 34 years in the Corps myself. Now sit down."

Murry Carr laughed aloud, and hashmarks grinned sheepishly.

When everybody was seated, and the drinks ordered, the old man, with a faraway look on his face, started to talk.

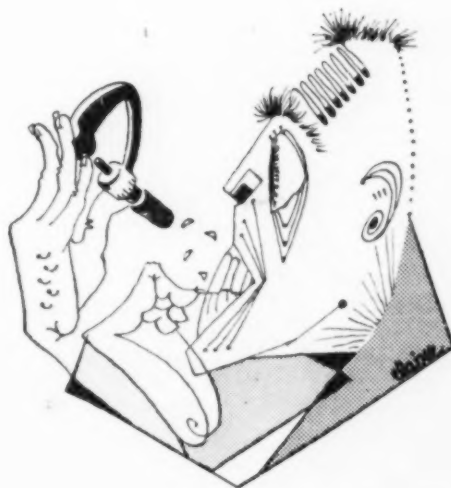
"It was in China this happened. It was in 1900. The Chinese Boxers started a big fuss. Well, the Old Corps was ordered . . ."

END

confused? try basic machine

entangled? jumbled? botched?

shop - an mci MOS course



marine corps institute wash. 3 dc

# BULLETIN BOARD

## Re-employment Rights

Attention of *all* active duty reservists is called to the four-year limitation placed upon re-employment rights under the provisions of the Universal Military Training and Service Act. A section of this Act states:

"Any person who, subsequent to June 24, 1948, enters upon active duty (other than for the purpose of determining his physical fitness), whether or not voluntarily, in the Armed Forces of the United States or the Public Health Service in response to an order or call to active duty shall, upon his relief from active duty under honorable conditions, be entitled to all of the re-employment rights and benefits provided by this section in the case of persons inducted under the provisions of this title, if he is relieved from active duty not later than four years after the date of entering upon active duty or as soon after the expiration of such four years as he is able to obtain orders relieving him from active duty."

## Sixth Marines' Trophies

The Sixth Marines have sent out the word. They have asked commanding officers throughout the Corps to help them find some of their long lost trophies. Any and all trophies belonging to the Sixth should be sent to Headquarters, Sixth Marines, Second Marine Division, FMF, Camp Lejeune, N. C.

## Sole Surviving Sons

The policy regarding sole surviving sons is explained in Marine Corps Memorandum 73-53. Items of interest include the definition of a sole survivor and where to make application for investigation of cases.

## Household Goods

A limited number of pamphlets entitled "Household Goods Shipment Information" are now available. They contain general information, designed to assist military personnel in arranging for the packing, transportation and storage of household goods.

In the interest of economy, this pamphlet will be distributed *only* to those people to whom change of station orders are issued *when such personnel are entitled to transportation of household goods* under the provisions of Chapter 8, Joint Travel Instructions. Order writing activities will issue the pamphlets along with change of station orders.

## Presidential Unit Citation

The Secretary of the Navy recently signed the citation which authorized the Presidential Unit Citation to the First Provisional Marine Brigade for service at the Pusan Perimeter from 7 August to 7 September, 1950. The wearing of the PUC ribbon bar with star is authorized, according to ALMAR NR 28.

## Installation Of Household Appliances

Marine Corps Memorandum 77-53 includes information of interest to all Marines living in Public Quarters. The memo states the regulations concerning the installation of household appliances in Public Quarters. Highlight of the memorandum is the announcement that public funds are not available for installation of radio and television antennas, therefore, personally-owned antennas will be installed and removed from public quarters at the expense of the owner.



## JUMP OFF

[continued from page 30]

many operations at eight o'clock and he'll be waiting for you. Price, open up at 0745. Cease fire at 0750. The attacking squads will move out then. Distance from the assembly area to the objective is short. That'll help the assault, but we can't take the chance of you hitting into us. When we reach their position, get that 1st squad up there with us."

Drum lifted a hand to get attention. "I took a squint through your glasses this morning, Lieutenant. They've got two machine guns stowed on that hill. How about two of Price's fire teams throwing concentrated fire on them and let the other fire team distribute their rounds?"

"Sounds good. Might also caution your men about fire control discipline, Price. Any questions?"

While Price double-checked the scheme with Lieutenant Sweeney, Drum fished a cigar out of a jacket pocket and bit the end off. He turned his head to eject the piece of tobacco and saw The Kid squatting nearby, looking off in another direction, but zeroed in on

the conversation with both ears. Drum chuckled to himself.

Before the briefing adjourned, Lieutenant Sweeney inquired about the ammunition status. Everyone had enough. Final instructions told the squad leaders of the assaulting force to withdraw their troops from the line with a minimum of movement. Zippers whispered shut as the group fastened their armored vests and stood up.

"Sergeant Drum, what'll happen when we get up there?" The Kid had approached Drum quietly. Another question.

The platoon sergeant placed a hand firmly on The Kid's shoulder and squinted one eye closed. "Pursuit by fire, son! And make sure you really pour it on them."

By 0740, the attacking delegation had assembled in a tiny defile at the base of the rocky hill. Drum went forward and began creeping toward the crest of the spur. A clump of brush clinging precariously to the edge of the hill enabled him to see without being seen. It was approximately 50 yards to the enemy emplacement, with some individual cover available half that distance. From what he had noticed through the binoculars this morning, there were 10, maybe a dozen enemy

troops up there. Brother, if only they haven't spotted us, he pleaded mentally, then retraced his tracks.

Surprise, which had been guarded so preciously, hit the enemy like a rampant shock wave. Concentrated fire from Price's squad had decommissioned one machine gun; fortunately, the one on the right flank where the attack was aimed. The outpost was taken in quick time and although the battle had been fierce, casualties were extremely light. . . .

A hasty defense was thrown around the newly-acquired parcel of real estate, but it was secured a short time later. Marines began moving forward along the entire sector. The gap had been opened; the offense was on. Another platoon came up and passed through the 1st Platoon's perimeter.

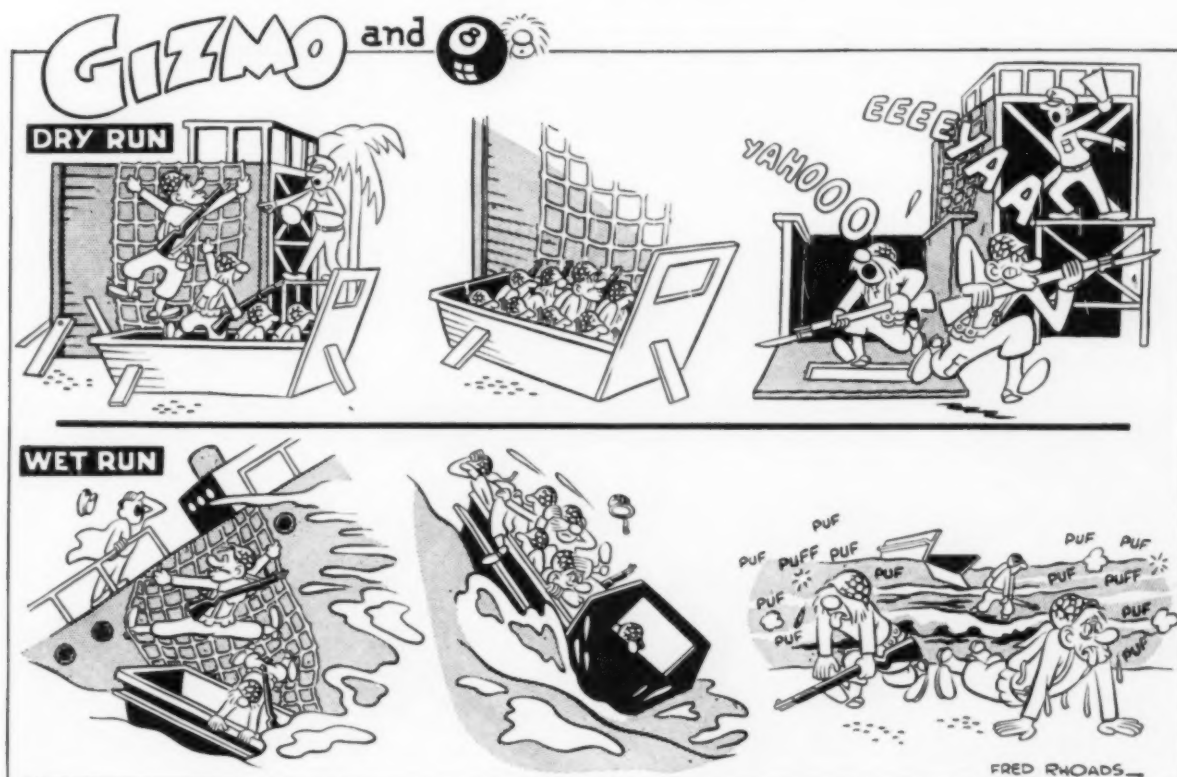
Drum saw The Kid ambling toward him, rifle carried at port arms. The sergeant was determined and ready.

"Kid, before you squeeze off another question, let me ask you just one. Did you learn anything?"

"Yessir! But what I'd like to know is what happened to that demonstration you said I'd see?"

Drum clenched his hands stiffly at his sides, burned a slow 10, then lost his patience.

END



# BOOKS REVIEWED

**FLOYD GIBBONS, YOUR HEADLINE HUNTER.** By Edward Gibbons. Exposition Press, New York.

Price \$4.00

If your knowledge about the stormy era between World Wars I and II is limited to the pages of your history book, the biography by Edward Gibbons will supplement your formal knowledge with a reporter's down-to-earth account of the historic events and important people of those decades.

Any major news story then abrewing was a challenge to Floyd Gibbons' spirit of adventure. And that spirit sent him packing to the capitals of Europe, Shanghai, Singapore, Capetown and Timbuktu, in the days before intercontinental air travel became fashionable. The Presidents, kings, Pancho Villa, Jack Dempsey, Will Rogers, General Pershing and Walter Winchell were his friends—and his copy. The battlefields of the world were his beat.

Nine years of painstaking research were spent by Floyd's brother, Edward, before the 25 illustrated chapters were ready for the printer. The book's recent release by the publishers makes available a box seat for almost three decades of Americana.

MSgt. Paul Sarokin

## Books Received

**SPACE TRAVEL.** By Kenneth W. Gatland and Anthony M. Kunesch. Philosophical Library, New York.

Price \$4.75

The possibility of interplanetary communication has always fascinated the more adventurous members of mankind. Here, described with enthusiasm and authority, is a history of rocket development from the days of the first discovery of an explosive mixture before the birth of Christ, to the latest information on the harnessing of the tremendous new propellants available today.

**THE PISTOL SHOOTER'S BOOK.** By Charles Askins. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa.

Price \$6.00

Any Marine who is interested in shooting a handgun will find in this book a comprehensive treatment of the subject. Twenty-eight chapters contain all pertinent information including: the study and comparison of American and foreign handguns, ammunition, ballistics, bore diameters, reloading, marksmanship, eyesight, rapid fire accessories, the quick draw and harness, hunting, trick shooting and N.R.A. tournaments.

**PIPE DREAMS AND MEMORIES.** By Ralph Wm. Wiles, Major, USA (Ret.). The William-Frederick Press, New York.

Price \$3.50

This autobiography packs a lifetime of adventure and excitement between its covers. It is a panorama of a real life concerned with mystery, intrigue and romance which tends to substantiate the theory that character determines destiny. Tale after tale of fierce fighting against the Moros of Mindanao; the long, arduous service on the Western Plains; the lonely confinement of stations throughout the States and in other lands bring alive a group of unique characters.





# YOU SHAVE CLEANER IN 1/2 THE TIME!



"Get it over with" fast with  
Schick Injector, world's only razor  
specially engineered to give you  
"Twice Over" smoothness with  
"Once Over" Shaving!

This famous razor is engineered by experts. It has no movable parts that get out of adjustment, no detachable parts that can be dropped or misplaced. And you'll find Schick Injector Razor is specially designed to "fit" your face—under nose, around lips, along jaw, on neck, and all hard-to-get-at places—features that mean *faster, cleaner* shaves.

Today, get your complete razor kit:

Gold-Plated Razor Handy Travel Case

12 Scalpel-sharp Blades

Big \$1.75 Value. NOW ONLY

**98¢**

No other razor offers you these 4 advantages

**1.**  
**EXTRA SHARP, EXTRA THICK, HEAVY DUTY BLADES**  
Precision-made! The only blade that fits Schick Injector perfectly!

**2.**  
**SAFETY GUARD SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN—TEES UP WHISKERS**  
Every whisker is clean-cut, right at its base!

**3.**  
**AUTOMATICALLY LOCKS BLADE**  
Blade is always at same, precise angle for cleaner shaves!

**4.**  
**AUTOMATICALLY CHANGES BLADE**  
No twisting, no adjusting! Just push-pull, click-click!

**SCHICK INJECTOR**  
**RAZOR & BLADES**

**Engineered for Faster, Smoother, Easier Shaves!**

Only our  
Chesterfields  
give you—

①

**PROOF OF LOW NICOTINE  
HIGHEST QUALITY**

The country's six leading cigarette brands were analyzed—chemically—and Chesterfield was found low in nicotine—highest in quality.

②

**A PROVEN RECORD  
WITH SMOKERS**

Again and again, over a full year and a half a group of Chesterfield smokers have been given thorough medical examinations . . . the doctor's reports are a matter of record, "No adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfields." A responsible independent research laboratory supervises this continuing program.

**CHESTERFIELD**  
*BEST FOR YOU*

